THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 44. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.C.H. GOSSIP.

Establishment of the New Labor Bureau by the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

True Irishmen Urged to Aid in the Good Work and Pay No Heed to Carpers and Croakers.

After years of waiting the long talked-of labor bureau makes its bow under the title of the Employment Association of the United Irish Societies of Chicago. The office doors will be open for business on Monday, Nov. 3, in Rooms 10, 12 and 14 Quinlan Building, No. 81 South Clark street. I ask our brothers of the Ancient Order to give the committee who have charge of the management that kindly sympathy which is so encouraging to men who are trying to accomplish something for the benefit of a community and not for themselves. We cannot expect that the Board of Directors, as the committee are styled, will give satisfaction to all, but I think we can safely say they will do their best. I would also say to the Board not to worry over the complaints or fault-finding of a few, who will never be satisfied with anything, and whose position in relation to all movements for amelioration of our people's condition is governed by a naturally warped nature and cranky disposition, seeing plots and schemes waste and inutility in everything in which they are not the controlling spirits. Let the Board work, as I am certain they will, carefully and conscientiously, and they will meet the approval and endorsement of the great mass of our people who are far more interested in the general welfare than the few small-minded fault-finders, who will ever carp at the efforts of unprejudiced men.

Many men find a loathsome pleasure in retailing the opinions of the croakers when opportunity occurs, and I would suggest the propriety of more cheerful employment than that of birds of ill-omen. There are a few who are earning an unenviable notoriety in this respect, whose standing in our ranks is not near so important and elevated as they think. The circular which will be sent out by the association to the employers is deserving of the consideration of those gentlemen. I can understand that a great many merchants are inclined to look askance on the recommendations of labor bureaus, but I am assured the intentions of the association are to win respect for their endorsement by the strictest care in reference supplied. It has long been a complaint that we were not practical, and that we indulged in the pursuit of shadows. Here is an opportunity for the hard-headed wiseacres to exercise the liberality which our erring(?) ways deprived them the chance of displaying. What can be more earnest proof of the process of evolution which is changing, purifying and elevating the spirit, the motives and aspirations of our people on this continent? We know now what we wanted, we learned our needs in the chilling school of experience. Heretofore we accepted the dictum of an individual, as the expression of our desires.

Those who meet us now on our own floors come in contact with a vastly different class of men from those who humbly did as they were told fifteen or twenty years ago. I am confident that our merchants and employers can rely on the new-born spirit of grace and be certain that the men who guide the association mean what they say. I am also confident that when those who have the power to extend their patronage will study the objects and methods of the association they will conclude this is a step in the right direction. I am very proud of the record achieved by many of Celtic descent in financial, mechanical and journalistic fields, and accept the same as an evidence of the latent race talents, which favorable opportunity will develop. While grieving that so many able minds are not at any time occupied with thoughts of the race from which they sprang, I cannot but acknowledge the fault is a good deal on our side. I, however, believe the improvement in racial characteristic so noted of late years, will disperse the clouds which veiled the virtues of all classes and bring Irishmen of race or descent of all creeds and stations in life in closer touch on a common plane, where the mischief-maker, the maligner and the self-seeking will find no foothold. The first step to attain this desideratum will be the successful establishment and permanent maintenance of the employment association.

The ball given by Div. 8 on Oct. 26 proved a complete success in every way. Very sensibly the committee of arrangements dispensed with oratory, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Brother M. J. Kelly was general caterer for inside comfort, and lent much to the pleasure of the evening. Brothers Sullivan, Donahue and their confreres submitted a programme of some twenty-four numbers, which was gone through from the "Grand March" to "Home, Sweet Home." The young men on the South and West Sides should not permit themselves to be outdone by the North Side folks.

A new division, No. 12, was duly organized on Oct. 25 by County President Heneky. The following officers were elected: F. J. Conroy, President; J. Curtin, Vice-President; M. Corcoran, Recording Secretary; M. Finnegan, Financial Secretary; Father Crimmins, Treasurer. This selection cannot but result in No. 12 forging its way to the front at an early date. Brother Conroy is one of those hard-working, popular young men, whose best efforts are always given to Irish organizations, and who, though a member of other societies, gives preference only to the A. O. H. Of considerable executive ability, Brother Conroy has been hidden in a secretary's chair in the County Board, where many believed he should preside. Youth gives to Brother Frank an opportunity to aspire, and merit gives him claim to any office in the gift of the county. In Brother Finnegan No. 12 will have a clear-headed, sensible adviser of great experience, whose interest in the Order is equalled only by his devotion to the land of his fathers. The other officials are gentlemen new in our circles, but of talent and experience in other societies, which will be of great benefit to Div. 12. I wish the new division a hearty God speed. I almost forgot to note that the christening was well attended and brought together in the division's hall, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, Brothers P. B. Flanagan, W. J. Doherty, M. E. Maloney, William McMahon, P. Finnegan, Michael Pierce, Martin Mulcahy, J. T. Keating, Thomas Daly, B. J. Kelly and many others from distant divisions of Cook county.

The committee of arrangements for the entertainment on Dec. 31 will meet in McCoy's Hotel, on Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8 p. m. Every division should see that their representative is there, and it would be well to impress on them that the event must be a success or they will be blamed, and have no chance of excuse either.

On Sunday, Nov. 3, the A. O. H. are expected in Hyde Park to welcome the visit of Archbishop Feehan to St. Thomas' parish. The kind invitation of the pastor, the Rev. Father Carroll, has been accepted by the County Board, and the divisions should respond to the County President's call with that loyal alacrity which has been a distinguishing characteristic of the Hibernians. It is hoped that every brother will be at the rendezvous on Sunday at 1:45 o'clock, on Fifty-first street, right resting on Kimbark avenue, left on Drexel boulevard. After the parade Div. 36 will extend the hospitalities of the occasion in their hall on Jefferson avenue, near Fifty-sixth street. The Cottage Grove avenue cars or Illinois Central Railroad are the most convenient means of transportation.

Through the State the organization grows but slowly. The active competition of the *paid* organizers of other societies forestalls the efforts of our state officers. Yet they have brought back to active being some dead timber, and infused new life into old divisions. When I think of what could have been done if the appropriations were sufficient to pay the expenses of organizing trips, I become more anxious than ever that Cook county should send a full quota of delegates to Danville next May. On the action of that convention will depend the future prosperity of the A.O.H. of Illinois.

Brother H. McNamee has presented us with a new division in Piatt county, and was closely followed by Brother Lyman with an excellent list of charter members in Rantoul, Champaign county.

The growth of interest in the Ladies' Auxiliary organized in Galesburg enables the county president, Brother Barry, to take steps to add a new division in his district.

In Will county the Hibernians have just closed their Fair, after realizing a very handsome sum toward the erection of an A.O.H. hall. I must say that our brothers in Joliet are certainly men whose example is worthy of emulation. The county president, John F. Quinn, as well as the division presidents, are tireless in their efforts to accomplish something practical of the Order.

Down in East St. Louis State Secretary Dan McGlynn works devotedly in the ranks of his division as well as in the onerous office he so well occupies. Brother Wallace, of St. Clair county, is ever the active missionary of the Order, and can look back with pleasure on his work. There is not in the State today a better organized city nor a more enthusiastic gathering of Hibernians than those who meet in East St. Louis. It is sometimes amusing to see the disgust on the worthy State Secretary's intelligent countenance when he recounts his war with indolent officials and men of words. His constant cry is, "If the rank and file would only investigate the causes of our apparent slowness of progress they would compel those idlers to work or quit," and I heartily re-echo the young secretary's words.

I notice that the Irish National Alliance have chosen the 23d of November as the date of the first gatherings under its auspices. The brothers in smaller cities and towns would do well to note the purpose and assist in the effort to make the demonstration universal. Every hamlet should blaze with the beacon fires of the New Movement and send such a slogan over our prairies as will awaken the apathetic to active co-operation. Let us hear from every county of Illinois the voices of the A.O.H. breaking forth into the splendid chorus of Mrs. T. B. O'Hare's song, which was sung so appropriately at the close of the convention on Sept. 26. Let us rise and with voices clear and bold sing that splendid anthem of encouragement and defiance—

"Then shout, God bless you dear old Ireland,
Hallowed spot that gave our fathers birth.
Cries for justice will not do,
Stand together firm and true,
Drive the craven, cruel tyrant from the earth."

ER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"John Fleming," Ottumwa, Iowa.—Charles Stewart Parnell and John Dillon made a tour of the United States in the winter and spring of 1879-80. It was the last visit of Parnell to the United States.

BRITISH EMPIRE BUBBLE.

The Might of America and Ireland's Enemy Greatly Exaggerated by the Timid and Gullible.

The Great Robber Concern Surrounded by Many Dangers and Difficulties—Russian Progress Toward the Anglo-Indian Frontier.

BY HON. A. L. MORRISON.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"The probable enemies of England know perfectly that this is England's most vulnerable point, and they would do all in their power to intercept the supply of provisions, while their own commerce would be much less exposed to English attacks, because they could lay up their ships in port. Admiral Elliot has declared that the great expense incurred by France and Russia in building swift cruisers is mainly directed against British commerce. Admitting that the enemies of England would not be able to reduce her population to starvation, they could still inflict upon it great harm, and this question does not belong to the future, but is imminent.

"We leave out of consideration a real invasion of England. Although Lord Wolseley, in 1888, thought it quite possible that the French within a short time might collect a considerable force in their northern ports and transport it in one night. French naval authorities are of contrary opinion, for in order to undertake such a perilous adventure the assailant must, at all events, have the absolute command of the channel; and the same applies to Admiral Aube's barbarous plan of small cruisers, ubiquitous by speed and numbers, evading the hostile force and destroying undefended cities.

"The decisive point remains in the strength of the English battle-fleet; and what this is even the naval experts are not able to say. War alone can decide that question. The strength of a fleet for attack and defense depends not only upon that of the ships and their number, but quite as much upon its armament and manning. In this respect the English battle-ships have recently shown unpleasant shortcomings. The 110-ton Armstrong and the 68-ton Woolwich guns have proved inferior to French and German guns, and the English recruiting system does not furnish a sufficient number of trained crews. England, on a peace footing, has but 44,000 men, a force which cannot be suddenly increased. While France, employing but 25,000 men in peace, has a reserve of 113,000 trained and disciplined men, England has a nominal reserve of 23,000, of which only a small part would be available when wanted. Even if the whole reserve force could be collected, the greater part are very imperfectly trained and would be quite new to the life and exercises of a man-of-war. Other merchant seamen, if there were any to be had, would be still more ignorant, so that beyond the 44,000, England has only the coast-guard on which dependence could be placed. Even the quality of the enlisted men decreases.

"Accidents have become frequent; the Howe, in 1892, ran ashore in clear weather; the catastrophe of the Victoria and the Camperdown is still fresh in memory. In the naval review of 1889 there were three collisions, and in the maneuvers of 1891 only three ships of the defensive squadron came out without accident. Ironclads being very complicated instruments, the handling of which demands thoroughly experienced men, this deficiency must, under the mobilization of the fleet, be slow. In the maneuvers at Toulon in 1891, the Mediterrenean French Squadron was ready to take the sea in twenty-four hours after the order arrived, and had a reserve division of twenty-four ships. As to fortifications, only the Thames is efficiently defended, those of the other ports are antiquated in construction and armament. If the enemy could take Woolwich the whole material of the fleet would be in his hands. Today the fate of war is decided in a few great battles. Two great defeats would be fatal to the naval power of England, which is, in fact, her only power. It remains to be seen whether the abovementioned deficiencies will be removed in time by the recent Imperial and Naval Defense acts.

"The British Empire has been built up under the leadership of an intelligent aristocracy, a form of government which, as the example of Venice and Holland shows, is eminently fit for such a task. That aristocracy still exists, but it has long since ceased to govern. Gradually England has passed down to a crowned democracy. But it cannot be said that the experiment, first to give power to the masses and then to 'educate our masters,' has particularly well succeeded. It is one thing to give manhood suffrage to a new country, where the largest part of the population is agricultural, mostly owners of their farms, well educated, and therefore conservative; and another thing to grant it in England, where more than 50 per cent of the population live in cities, and the landed property is in the hands of comparatively few large owners and is cultivated by poor laborers. Under such circumstances the masses not only rule the elections, but practically disfranchise the higher, more intelligent, and wealthy classes. The English democracy has disappointed its friends; it has not brought forward a single notable man; it has not cared much for Imperial interests, which by its leaders are ridiculed as "jingoism," but mainly for the class-interests of the workingmen. Moreover it is swayed by sudden changes; one parliamentary election can overthrow a whole policy; and this is the reason why foreign powers are little inclined to conclude alliances with England. In former wars, England, in order to make up for the insufficiency of her army, gave subsidies to her allies; but what British minister would now have the courage to demand such grants from parliament?

"Will the English democracy, in the face of the dangers of the present situation, have the intelligence to see that in a war not only England's greatness, but the very existence of her empire, would be at stake? Will, in that emergency, the old fighting spirit of John Bull revive in the masses, and make them ready to bear the necessary sacrifices? Or will they follow the cry for peace at any price, and adhere to Cobden's opinion that it would be a perilous adventure to hold India, and that the colonies are only good for providing places for the younger sons of the aristocracy? That is the question which will ultimately be decisive for the future of the British Empire."

All of which goes to prove that since Nelson's days the entire system of naval warfare has been revolutionized, and England has lost by the revolution. There is hope for Ireland in every line of the above. England's weakness is our strength, every enemy she has is our friend, and every defeat she suffers is an Irish victory. To wait patiently for the next opportunity and be ready when it comes is the work of the New Movement.

CHICAGO'S CUBAN CHIVALRY.

[*The Observer*, Oct. 26.]

Merchants, lawyers, bankers, board of trade men, real estate men and newspaper men array themselves under the handsome banner of the Queen of the Antilles. It reminds one of the memorable muster of the Highland clans on the eve of Culloden—

"The heath-cock crawed o'er moor and fell,
Red rose the sun, the morn was cloudy,
When with loud shout and dinsome yell
Our Northern bands marched firm and steady.
Rise up, Duncan, Donald's ready;
To arms, Duncan, Donald's ready,
And is his hand
Has ta'en his brand
And o'er his shouther thrown his plaidie."

The general committee appointed by the mass-meetings of Sept. 30, which expressed sympathy with the Cubans, consisting of John Farson, chairman; Walter H. Chamberlain, treasurer; R. J. Smith, Charles Raggio, E. S. Lacey and W. D. Kerfoot, is flooding the country with letters and circulars arranging for several meetings of sympathy to be held Oct. 31. Among the latest recruits to the Cuban cause are Capt. S. E. Gross, the Chicago Continental Guard, and the Illinois Society of Sons of the American Revolution, which spirited organization whose ancestry were intimate friends of George Washington and spilt more or less of their blood, as history relates, in the crossing of the Delaware and the siege of Vicksburg, looks with marked patrician contempt upon the opposition Chicago society of the same exclusive character, as mere pretenders, without pedigrees, whose progenitors might have probably been camp followers to the Continental forces, but none of whom ever attained the distinction of body servant to General Washington—but that's another story. So numerously and enthusiastically do our best citizens muster in sympathetic aid of Cuba that the emergency demands a "War Song of the Chicago Contingent of Cuban Liberators":

The skyscrapers pour forth their hordes,
Whom business cares have ceased to worry;
With pens exchanged for deadly swords,
To Cuban battlefields they hurry.
Rise up, Kerfoot, Farson's ready;
To arms, Bryan, Gage is ready,
And Chamberlain
Will heap the slain
When war expands its crimson eddy.

Forth from the courts the lawyers pour,
With judges bold to cheer and lead them;
Their deeds will now be deeds of gore,
Their pleas be pleas for human freedom.
Rise up, Gibbons, Mills is ready;
To arms, Judge Shope, Tom Cratty's ready,
While Tom Moran
Forms campaign plan
With Spanish Hynes, from Killemdeady.

Come, Sons of Sires, all staunch and true,
As bold Sam Gross forgets his rentals,
And dons his coat of buff and blue
To lead his valiant Continentals.
Rise up, Adams, Gross is ready.
To arms, ye patriots, Wait is ready,
And F. C. Pierce
Grows brave and fierce,
While champagne foams all bright and beady.

Forth comes in force the mighty press
With well-meant "leaders," dense and foggy;
The sword is mighty for redress
When'er the pea grows blunt and cloggy.
Rise, Medill, for Kohlsaat's ready;
To arms, Vic Lawson, Russell's ready,
And William Penn
Reviews his men
While Ballard marches stern and steady.

THE "COUNTY ANTRIMS,"

Sometimes Called by Themselves "Scotch-Irish," Indigestible Fragments of Animal Matter Which Ireland Has Failed to Assimilate During Three Centuries.

Mr. Joseph Smith Deals With the Hybrids in the "Illustrated American."

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Now let us examine Ulster of the Plantation. In the days of Elizabeth Tudor Ulster was a bird to pluck. When not engaged in robbing Spanish commerce or Dutch herring-boats, the Virgin Queen's courtiers plundered and murdered in Ireland. Ulster, by war with England and internecine troubles, was reduced to utter exhaustion by the time the vnerable and dubious virgin died and her throne passed to James Stuart of Scotland. King Jamie went to London with a fine crowd of beggarly lairds at his heels and found war-wasted Ulster on his hands. James Stuart was hardly an ideal king such as poets sing of; but he was as good as kingdoms usually get. He had the tongue of a wrangling parson, the spirit of a tailor's apprentice, the meanness of a usurer and the morals of a procuress. He went into business at once and exchanged the lands of Ulster for the cash of the London guilds and a few Scotch concerns, the conditions of the contract being that they were to introduce settlers into the province, build fortifications and hold the lands by the sword. The rights of the inhabitants were not considered at all; it was simply an outrageous piece of wholesale spoliation, varied by murder.

Dr. MacIntosh, with a smug mixture of imagination and Calvinistic pharisaism, tells us that this wholesale scheme of slaughter and robbery was a benevolent plan of God's to save the world, and that the day this charter of plunder and outrage was promulgated, April 16, 1603, must always be one of historic value. To mere modern laymen the shouldering of this cruel and perfidious piece of kingly rascality onto an all-wise Providence by a clergyman smacks very much of blasphemy.

But we must have a genesis for the Scotch-Irishman, and the settlement of Ulster is the thing.

Now the veracious parson strikes a rapid gait. The Lowlander, he says, was to find Ulster nothing but savage wilds and was to transform it by his skill and industry into smiling valleys and busy towns. History advises us that in those days the rudest and most wasteful agriculturists in Europe were those of Scotland and England.

Having got his Lowlander into Ireland—and the good man wants it understood that none but Lowlanders went there—he thus apostrophizes him: "In Ulster now stands the transplanted Scot, the man of opportunity, of utility and order, the man of law and self-respect and self-reliance, with a king's charter in his hand, with a king's smile upon him, with the cheers of England's hopeful civilization encouraging him." Is this not really beautiful? What a poet the reverend Philadelphian is. How Froude would have loved him.

But once more the hard facts of history crop out to plague the poetic parson. Let me quote from a Presbyterian parson of Ulster, who was born there in the early days of the Plantation, and who was pastor of the town of Donaghadee, from 1645 to 1671. He ought to know something about his law-abiding, God-fearing, order-loving, charter-bearing neighbors, and was in a position to appreciate the hopeful civilization of England as exemplified in Ulster. Listen to the words of the Rev. Andrew Stewart:

"From Scotland came many, and from England not a few; yet all of them generally, the scum of both nations, who for debt or breaking or fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice in a land where there was nothing, or but little as yet, of the fear of God. And in a few years there flocked such a multitude of people from Scotland that these northern counties of Down, Antrim, Londonderry, etc., were in a good measure planted; yet most of the people, as I said before, made up a body—and it is strange—of different names, nations, dialects, tempers, breeding—and in a word—all void of godliness, who seemed rather to flee God in this enterprise than to follow their mercy; albeit at first it must be remembered that they cared little for any church."

Thus we see that the settlers were not angels and were far from being wholly Scots. Ireland is the land of saints; but it has never been the land of angels, Presbyterian or otherwise. The good parson overlooks the important fact that a large number of English, Dutch, German, Walloon and French Protestants were introduced from time to time into Ulster, and these with the native population went to make the Ulsterman. But let us go on with Dr. MacIntosh.

For one hundred and fifty years these races lived in Ulster, forming the Ulsterman. Along in the middle of the eighteenth century the Ulsterman began to grow tired of England's hopeful civilization, which was banning his religion, plundering his home, and destroying his industries; and he was emigrating to America with a heart full of bitterness. England called the Ulsterman an Irishman; he claimed that name himself, as he might well do, after being domiciled on the soil for a century and a half. In Ireland he founded the Society of United Irishmen; in America he organized Irish charitable societies, and called his settlements by Irish names, in the darkest ignorance of the fact that he was a Scotch-Irishman. Even in Ulster today they have not yet discovered the Scotch-Irishman, though American delegates may correct this neglect. During our Revolution it was difficult to get people to acknowledge kinship with the Scotch, who were damned as vigorously as the Hessians, as Tories and mercenaries. The Irish of the Revolution were plain, ordinary Irish.

The maker of the Ulsterman dwells pathetically on the imaginary massacre of 1641, when a poor, unarmed peasantry are alleged to have wiped out nearly two hundred thousand well-armed people, dwelling in towns and fortified places, and backed by the government. As the population of all the province was hardly two hundred thousand in all, this massacre implies a sort of national hari-kari.

Yet in 1656, just fifteen years after this awful slaughter, Dr. MacIntosh says the Scotch-Irish could put forty thousand fighting men in the field. This is the most wonderful case of racial fecundity on record, or it is a magnificent piece of mendacity. Remember the figures—40,000. Sir W. Petty, who lived and wrote for the government in those days, says the estimated population of Ulster in 1659—or three years after Dr. MacIntosh's Scotch-Irish army—was as follows: Irish, 63,350; English, Scotch and other aliens, 40,571; in all, 103,921. Now what has become of the army of 1656? Has everybody in Ulster become Scotch-Irish, or has that wonderful race developed into anthropophagi?

Yet upon such ridiculous stuff is the whole Scotch-Irish theory based; foundations as unstable as water. A few Scotch settlers of no character, morals or any attribute or instinct other than those of banditti, enter Ulster, and we are asked to believe that they absorbed and leavened all the province, and later all the North American continent. After a century and a half all the elements, Irish, English, French, Dutch and Walloon have been transformed by the Scotch. This ridiculous and laughable absurdity has its grave side—a number of honest, well-meaning citizens are actually being tricked into believing that this rubbish is fact and history, because it is so stated by men who are reading the record of the past by their imaginations. There never was and never will be a Scotch-Irish race. The men of Ulster who came to America were Irishmen; their children are Americans; they are ashamed of the blood, race or nationality of their fathers they are unworthy sons of their sires.

Let us hope that the worthy citizens who assemble at the next "Scotch-Irish" congress will adopt a measure which will read like this:

Resolved, That there is no such thing as a Scotch-Irish race; that we have been befooled long enough, and that we decline to make asses of ourselves any longer for the national amusement.

Resolved, That when we adjourn, we do so forever, and that hereafter we will call ourselves plain Americans.

Resolved, That the Scotch-Irishman is a brother of Sarah Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris, "which there ain't no such person."

Among the numerous evils which the age has brought to the people of this republic, none is so numerous and prevalent as the hyphen, and only when this unmitigated nuisance is abated will peace settle on the land and common sense rule the country. The secret of the success of the Scotch-Irish humbug lies in the hyphen; tear it from its lair, and the Scotch and Irish will subside into quiet, orderly Americans.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The first annual meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held on Monday evening, Nov. 11, at Columbia Hall, corner of Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. The election of officers for the coming year will be held at this meeting, in addition to which a very attractive musical and literary programme will be given. All persons wishing to attend can have free admission cards sent them on application to the secretary, John J. Sherlock, 1 and 3 Dix street. Application should be made early.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star liner Teutonic sailing from New York Oct. 30: R. B. Brierly, R. B. Scott, St. Louis; Mrs. Catherine Byrne, Master John Byrne, Mrs. Catherine McLaughlin, Grand Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. James A. Brown, Miss S. F. Brown, Miss G. Brown, James Brown, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Pickford, Adrian, Minn.; Rev. D. O'Brien Owen, Rev. W. E. Williams, William P. Harrington, Kate E. Hughes, Chicago; August Ullin, Inga Midgard, Astri Manfjeren, Mrs. Emily Bromley, Miss Bromley, Mrs. Guro Haugen and infant, Minneapolis.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SHERIFF HAD NERVE.

TWO WOULD-BE LYNCHERS SHOT DOWN IN OHIO.

And the Mob Dispersed, After Which the Prisoner Is Sneaked Out and Conveyed Away, a Fact of the Truth of Which It Is Difficult to Impress the Popular American Judge and His Cohorts.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 28.—A special dispatch so The Leader from Tiffin, O., says: The ity has been shocked from center to cir- umference over the attempt to lynch Mar- hal Shultz's slayer. It is in a veritable proar, the streets having been thronged ll day with men, some filled with mor- id curiosity, but many with trouble writ- n plainly on their faces. The mob that tacked the jail early yesterday morning s composed of the worst specimens of -defiers that any community could pro- . Whisky had been indulged in until were more like blood-thirsty wolves human beings. To reason with them nt danger if not death to the peace- r. The mob came from an entirely pected source. The report was cur- t that a crowd of farmers from Hope- ll township was congregating and or- ing on the outskirts of the town, and tack was expected to be made by

But instead it was done by fellows ad been circulating in the vicinity jail all evening.

The Mob Makes Its Attack.

as hardly supposed that they would do such a thing, and the police o effort to quiet them. Thus mat- nt on until, about 1:15 a. m., six thered on the lawn about fifty feet e jail and in a moment about others joined them. Then a sharp stle was heard and out of an alley on opposite side of the street and a little he west rushed fully 300 more, the ers carrying a rope and several sledge- mers with which to accomplish their k. As the mob made the rush towards e jail they emitted yells that were blood- rdling. A squad of policemen which ad been stationed on the steps was d to one side. Officer Keiffer, who le a brave and fierce resistance, was ck on the head with a sledge and ted brutally. He was carried hom- onscious.

Sheriff's Appeals Do No Good.

e mob went direct to the side entrance commenced the onslaught on the door sledges. Michael Schmidutz, a power- eamster, wielded the sledge. He was of the drunken agitators. The door oken in splinters in a short time. hen the entrance was gained there wild rush and the hallway was filled xcited men. Sheriff Vannest and nen stood in the opposite end. He d to them most bravely and strong- al times, asking them for God's disperse. It did no good, for the ly grew fiercer. The entrance to rider is first protected by a heavy on door. The lock was broken off few blows and then there remained vy grating.

So the State of Ohio Speaks.

it was that the guards, who were in rison, began to fire. At first they r the rioters' heads. A guard in rview with a Leader representa- d the men swore to kill every per- de, and to show their purpose they began to fire at them. The guards said no shot was fired by them until the at- tacking party had fired through the grat- ing first. Henry Mutechler, the first man killed, was the one who carried the rope. He was shot through the left temple. Then Christ Matz received a bullet through his heart. This sort of work and the determination of the guards awed the would-be lynchers and they left the place, cursing and wilder than ever. Vic Vin- done, a young Italian laborer, left with the intention of getting dynamite to blow up the building, but he never put in an appearance afterward.

GREAT STATE ON THE RUN.

Prisoner Sneaked Out of Town and the Mob Coddled Meanwhile.

While in the midst of the attack Vin- done rushed upon a daughter of the sher- iff and threatened to kill her. Another fellow held a revolver close to the heart of Andrew Greer, the one-armed son-in- law of the sheriff, and pulled the trigger, but it missed fire and the next instant the one fist of Greer felled the would-be assas- sin to the floor. The sheriff's family was up-stairs, and one of the mob seeing them at the head of the stairs rushed viciously at them, but some one threw him head long to the bottom. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, after the mob had moved farther down the street, the pris- oner was handcuffed, taken through a side door and then to a side alley, where a carriage was in waiting. Police Captain Falkner and Officer Sweeney took him to Sandusky county as fast as the horses could carry them.

Many people refused to believe that the prisoner had been taken away and a crowd numbering hundreds started to make an- other attack, so to pacify them one of their number who knew the murderer was al- lowed to search the building. He did not find the prisoner and so informed the crowd, which refused to believe him. Then company E, of the Second regiment of militia, of this city, was called to guard the building. In the afternoon the crowd again surrounded the place. They became so determine that a committee of six well- known citizens again searched the build- ing from cellar to garrett.

Among the party was Mayor Rex, and when they had finished the search he ap- peared on the front steps of the building and in behalf of the committee said the man could not be found. Captain Falk- ner, who had just returned from San- dusky county, spoke to the crowd also. The mob could not help but be satisfied and the greater part dispersed. In re- sponse to the governor's orders four com- panies of the state militia have arrived here—over 200 men—and a strict guard will be kept for several days. Many wild threats to lynch the sheriff and to kill his guards are heard, but it is believed there will be no serious trouble when the ex- citement has cooled off.

Railway Wreck in Indiana.

SOUTH BEND, Oct. 28.—The railway ac- cident on the Grand Trunk three miles west of Crum's Point reduced the train to debris, and injured ten persons. The worst hurt was Henry Muir, the oldest conductor on the road, whose skull was probably fractured. The others got off with cuts and bruises from slight to severe, with one exception—John Hoban, of Port Hu- ron—who has a broken leg, below the knee. There were no fatal injuries. The cause was the burning out of a culvert.

HOLMES IS ON TRIAL.

Faces a Jury at Philadelphia to Answer for Murder.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29.—The clocks of the town had scarcely ceased striking 10 when Judge Arnold, clad in the long black gown which was recently adopted by the Philadelphia judiciary, entered and took his seat upon the bench to try H. H. Holmes for murder. The prisoner's real name, Mudgett, has been so little used in the newspapers that when it was read out in court the audience which packed the room had to think a moment before it was assured that the trial it had come to hear was coming off. District Attorney Graham and his special assistant, Thomas W. Barlow, in whom the prosecution is vested, were already in court, but a delay of fifteen minutes was occasioned by the non appearance of counsel for the defense, William A. Shoemaker and Samuel Ro- tan, young members of the bar.

This delay was only preliminary to the first sensation of the day, all of which may be summarized as follows: Pro- testations and entreaties for a continuance of the trial summarily overruled; the sudden withdrawal of the lawyers who had hitherto represented the prisoner, in the face of threats of disbarment; the ap- pointment by the court of new counsel and the refusal of the prisoner to ac- cept them as his defenders, and the de- clination of the services of Attorney R. O. Moon, but that gentleman, after learning from the judge that he could not obtain a continuance, declined to accept the grave responsibility. The selection of a jury consumed several hours, Holmes freely ex- ercising his prerogative of challenge, and after twelve men had been secured a recess was taken. The afternoon session was devoted largely to District Attorney Graham's opening address to the jury, in which he outlined the case in detail and subjected the prisoner to a scathing de- nunciation.

KANKAKEE MARSHES AFLAME.

Fortunate Change in the Wind Gives Farmers' Homes a Respite.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Kankakee marsh, the famous hunting ground, is being swept by a prairie fire. Trees, brush and grass are all being burned to the ground. The roaring blaze, headed so as to include towns and farm houses in its destructive sweep, had its course changed last night by a fortunate shift in the direction of the wind.

This gives the homes of the farmers on the border of the marsh a temporary respite, but at any time the flames may move in their direction and destroy them.

It is reported that three unknown farm- ers have been burned alive and Jonah Hole fatally injured.

HEAVY FAILURE AT LOUISVILLE.

Bamburger, Bloom & Co. Owe $1,200,000 They Cannot Liquidate.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 28.—Bamburger, Bloom & Co., the large wholesale dry goods firm of this city, have made an assignment to the Columbia Finance and Trust com- pany. At the same time the individual members of the firm, Levi Bamburger, of New York, and Julius Bamburger and Lee Bloom, of this city, made assignments of all their property to the same trust company for the benefit of their creditors. No schedule of assets and liabilities has been filed, but it is thought the liabilities will amount to $1,200,000 and that the nominal assets will equal that amount.

Bamberger, Bloom & Co. has been know as being scarcely without a rival west of the Alleghenies. The firm has a branch house in New York at 115 and 117 Worth street. The business was established in 1852 and during all the years of its history the house has always been known for its high integrity and commercial soundness. Many a storm was weathered by the old house and no firm in the United States en- joyed a better reputation or has had a bet- ter credit. Bamberger, Bloom & Co. had the largest trade in jeans in the world.

FIRE IN VIRGINIA'S UNIVERSITY.

Hall and Rotunda Destroyed at a Loss of About $300,000.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Oct. 28.—The Uni- versity of Virginia has suffered great loss from fire which the firemen were unable to control and a large quantity of dyna- mite was used on the portico between the rotunda and the public hall, but be- yond displacing the large pillars nothing was accomplished. Attention was then given to the buildings known as "Old Chapel" and reading-room. These were blown up and the debris saturated with water and the fire thereby was confined to the hall and rotunda.

The lecture rooms were destroyed and everything in the building, including a geological laboratory of great value. The total loss is estimated at not less than $300,000, with an insurance of $85,000 on the buildings and contents. The origin of the fire is not known.

RECENT BLOODSHED IN ARMENIA.

Alleged to Have Been Begun by the Arme- nians—Scores Killed.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 29.—It is official- ly declared here that the Armenians pro- voked the Balburt disturbances by firing upon the Musselmans, and that many per- sons were killed and wounded on both sides before the gendarmes suppressed the rioting. It is reported that 150 were killed. It is officially stated that the Ar- menians unwarrantably attacked the Mussulmans at Marash and Zeitoun. An- other dispatch received here asserts that Major Bekir, of the notorious Hamidieh cavalry, was burned alive on Oct. 4 in a church at Diadim.

Miss Vanderbilt's Bridal Bouquet.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The bridal bouquet intended for Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt on the occasion of her marriage, Nov. 6, to the Duke of Marlborough, which has started for New York by steamship, is exception- ally large and beautiful and is made up of the most choice and valuable flowers ever gathered in the historical gardens and con- servatories at Blenheim. This magnifi- cent bouquet, which is most tastefully ar- raged, is twelve feet in circumference.

Organizing the A. R. U. at Gotham.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—Railroad men met in secret in Metropolitan hall, Brook- lyn, and organized a local branch of the American Railway Union. About 200 railroad men from the elevated and sur- face steam and electric railroads were present and joined the new organization.

EIGHTEEN HOURS TO GOTHAM.

Lightning Time Made by a Train Between Chicago and New York.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—A New York dis- patch says: "The train which broke the record from Chicago to Albany was sent on to New York city over the New York Central and made a new record between New York and Chicago. The train ar- rived here at 10:15 last night. The entire distance of 980 miles was made in 17 hours, 45 minutes and 23 seconds. Chicago newspaper men who were on board had in their pockets the morning papers of Thurs- day. This was the first time that a regu- lar edition of a Chicago morning paper has been read in New York on the day of its publication."

The train that made this record break- ing run started from this city at 3.30 a. m. yesterday. It made the run from here to Buffalo, 511 miles, in 451 minutes. De- ducting ten minutes for stops the time was 471 minutes, an average of 65.1 miles per hour. The fastest runs of the trip were from Cleveland to Erie, 99 miles, in 77 minutes, or 69.6 miles per hour, and from Erie to Buffalo, 83 miles, in 70 minutes at the rate of a mile in 48.8 sec- onds, or 75.6 miles per hour. The last run is the fastest on record for the distance, and will probably stand for many a day, when it is taken into consideration that there was necessarily several miles of slow running in leaving Erie and enter- ing Buffalo.

This leaves the situation about as fol- lows as concerns fast runs: Best English—London to Aberdeen, 540 miles, in 512 minutes, 63 miles per hour. Best Ameri- can—New York to East Buffalo, 436 miles, in 404 minutes, 64.8 miles per hour. Chi- cago to Buffalo, 511 miles, 481 minutes, 63.7 miles per hour.

Des Moines Drug Stores Raided.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 28.—The police made a general raid on the drug store sa- loons of the city, which have sold liquor by the drink after the mulct law saloon hours and on Sundays, and as a result the station house has the appearance of a wholesale liquor store. Whisky and beer were hauled from the numerous saloons visited by the wagonload. Most of the druggists whose places were raided have been enjoined from the illegal sale of liquors and the search warrants were sworn out by the county attorney for the purpose of securing evidence for use in the institution of proceedings against them for contempt of court in violating the in- junctions.

Cullom Speaks at Des Moines.

DES MOINES, Oct. 29.—Senator Cullom, of Illinois, spoke to an audience of 8,000 people here last night. After referring to Iowa state issues and complimenting Sen- ator Allison, he launched out on a discus- sion of national issues, which he consid- ered vital this year. He spoke pointedly against coinage at 16 to 1, and favored bi- metallism as formulated in the national platform of 1892. On foreign relations he spoke with much warmth of denunciation of the present foreign policy. He also said that farmers were now beginning to realize that to have good markets we must have a well paid factory population.

Nine Persons Badly Injured.

CLYDE, O., Oct. 28.—Nine persons were caught under the east wall of the Elmar Manufacturing company's building here and all badly hurt, one of whom—Frank Cook—will probably die. The wall that fell was ninety feet long and three stories high, and the building was full of work- men at the time. The cause of the col- lapse was digging a trench for water pipe alongside of the wall. The names of the injured are: James Becker, Charles Eber- hart, Clarence Whaley, Ed King, William Snyder, Roy Lemmon, Archie Holloway, Frank Cook and William Hudson.

Fire Chief Fatally Hurt.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 28.—The probable death of J. C. Griffin, assistant chief of the fire department, and a loss of $800,000 are the results of a fire which totally de- stroyed the store and stock of B. Stark & Co., fancy goods and millinery, 18 South Pearl street, this city, last night, and gutted the business houses occupied by Fierist Eyre, Killip & Hinman, gent's furnishing, and Rancour's barber shop. Griffin was working on the roof and fell a distance of twenty feet, sustaining in- ternal injuries. He is 60 years of age.

Allison and Drake at Davenport.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Oct 29. — General Drake, Senator Allison and Congressman "Bob" Cousins addressed an audience at the Turner Grand Opera House last even- ing, speaking in the order named. Joe R. Lane, a prominent young attorney of Dav- enport, was chairman of the meeting, which was the biggest in the local Re- publican history for several years.

New National Labor Organization.

FARGO, N. D., Oct. 28.—Trades and Labor Protective unions Nos. 1 and 2, of Fargo and Moorhead, met and organized a Trades and Labor Council of the United States. The plan of the new organization is said to embody the better parts of the A. R. U. and K. of L., and organizers will be sent out all over the United States to extend the order.

Very Likely To Be Correct.

UKIAH, Cal., Oct. 28.—A report reached this city last night of the lynching of four men in Round Valley. The news was brought to town by a preacher from Covelo. The preacher was overtaken by a traveler who told him the story. The ru- mor is believed to be untrue, but the re- cent lynchings here give credence to the story.

Close of a Tacoma Bank.

TACOMA, Oct. 28.—The Columbia Na- tional bank, of this city, has closed by or- der of Comptroller Eckles. The action was expected because of its connection with other banks recently closed.

Dozen Passengers Injured.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 28.—A passenger train on the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs road was wrecked in an open switch at Waldron. A dozen pas- sengers were painfully injured.

THE DEATH RECORD.

REV. ASABEL CLARK KENDRICK, of the University of Rochester, at Rochester, N. Y.

DAVID HUNTSINGER, one of the founders of Elkhart, Ind.

EX-United States Senator CHARLES H. VAN WYCK of Nebraska, at Washington.

CHARLES HALLE, the celebrated painter, at Manchester, England.

CHARLES HUNT, city recorder of Jack- son, Mich.

Rev. J. HILLIARD RANGER, rector of Christ church, Indianapolis, at Minneapo- lis, Minn.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 25.—Governor Altgeld has not received any communica- tion from the state department at Wash- ington asking if the state authorities have sold the brick battleship Illinois, which was one of the attractive features of the World's Columbian exposition. The gov- ernor says he knows nothing about the sale of the ship. "Immediately after the World's fair," said the governor, "the park commissioners began writing to me about the ship, asking what should be done with it, and suggesting it be re- moved.

"The fixture, including everything of value, was removed and turned over to the custody of the Illinois naval militia, leaving but the brick portion which was standing in the water. The park commis- sioners were anxious to clean up the park and wrote to me about the removal of the debris. I informed them there was no money available for removing the brick, and as it had no value, the property would not repay the expense of handling it. I told the park commissioners if they want- ed to get rid of the brick go ahead. If Mc- Adoo wants the ship tell him to go and get it."

SAYS HE DID NO BOODLING.

Representative Shaffer's Reply to the Peoria County Indictment.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28. — Representative Simon Shaffer, of this city, against whom the grand jury at Peoria has found an in- dictment for boodlery in the last legisla- ture, was seen at his home and said: "I never approached anybody with requests for money in connection with the slop- feeding bill, or any other bill. If my name was used by anybody it was done without my knowledge. I don't see why I should be singled out from all the other members of the committee that was sent to investigate the feeding of slop at Peoria.

"I introduced the bill in the house at the late session, but it was never voted on. Some years ago I lost two small children and the doctors told me their deaths were caused by impure milk. I said at that time that if I ever had the chance to pre- vent slop-feeding to cows I would try and do so. This is the only reason I had for introducing the measure."

Work Stopped on Hennepin Canal.

PRINCETON, Ills., Oct. 25.—Work has been suspended on the entire line of the Hennepin canal, with the exception of two forces on the extreme eastern end, and these will be laid off Nov. 10. This action was taken as the appropriations of congress have been about exhausted and work cannot be resumed to any great ex- tent until further appropriations are made. One million two hundred thou- sand has been voted so far and with the amount eight miles on the west end have been completed and on the east end the excavations for twenty miles have been made and seven locks have been finished.

Riddled the Flag with Shot.

PEORIA, Ills., Oct. 28.—The farmers of Lawn Ridge, a small hamlet in the ex- treme northern portion of the county, are wild with indignation over an insult there to the American flag. Recently in compliance with the state law they float- ed a large flag from the village school house, but Friday evening some one emptied the contents of a shotgun into it, completely ridding it. A vigilance com- mittee was organized and guards have been on duty day and night since. Should the identity of the guilty party be dis- covered it is more than probable that a lynching would result.

Farmers Threaten a Lynching.

PEORIA, Ills., Oct. 28.—Lynch law was threatened at Pekin. The day was set for the execution of Albert Wallace, the mur- derer of his sister, Mrs. Belle Bonelley of Dillon, but the supreme court granted a stay of execution. The town was full of farmers, who surrounded the jail and talked of lynching Wallace. Sheriff Stout swore in a large squad of official deputies, who dispersed the crowds sev- eral times during the day and trouble was averted.

Added Insult to Injury.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Oct. 28.—The breach- of-promise suit of Mrs. Barbaria Kastner against Carl Seibirt was tried in the St. Clair county court and the jury agreed on a verdict and awarded the plaintiff $25 damages. Mrs. Kastner sued for $5,000.

State Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Strawn, of Lacon, Ills., who were first married twenty-four years ago and have been divorced three times, have again made up.

The case at Springfield, Ills., against Milroy H. Gibson, of Chicago, for bood- lery in the last legislature, has been con- tinued to the next term of court, by agree- ment of counsel.

By the will of Mrs. Kate Bellows $1,000 is left to the public schools of Lacon, Ills., and $4,000 to the trustees of the Congrega- tional church.

William Brinkman, a miner living at Auburn, Ills., was fatally injured while attempting to board a moving train.

Cuban Rebels Burn and Sack.

TAMPA, Fla., Oct. 29.—A suppressed supplement of La Discussion of Havana, brought here by the steamer from Cuba gives details of the sacking of Hotouevo, near Corderos, on the 23d inst. The in- surgents burned twenty-seven houses, the railway station, the mayor's residence, the Roman Catholic church and the fort. The insurgents, under the command of Clotilde Garcia, then proceeded to Gau- matas, which they burned.

May Fight in Private.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Oct. 29.—Talk of a fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons in private continues. It is said Governor Clarke has a representative here who keeps him posted on every move. The citizens' committee are no doubt anxious to have the fight pulled off, but they say nothing can be done until Fitzsimmons and Julian reach here.

Cannot Go to His Wife.

PARIS, Oct. 29.—Hon. J. B. Eustis, United States ambassador, made arrange- ments to depart immediately for Rotoath, in Ireland, upon hearing of the death of his wife there, but his physicians have pro hibited his going. Mr. Eustis is himself very ill.

REAR END COLLISION.

One Person Killed Outright and a Number Badly Injured.

HYDE PARK, Mass., Oct. 25.—A rear-end collision occurred here on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway at 5:18 p. m. in which one man was killed, a woman fatally injured and twelve other passengers, including Congressman Elijah A. Morse, were more or less seriously hurt. The list of dead and injured is as follows: Dead—G. M. Austin, brakeman. In- jured—Mrs. William Ross, of Cambridge, fatally injured internally; Congressman Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, both hands and arms badly cut; A. W. Bragg, Rox- bury, injured about head; Miss Ella Don- ovan, Boston, chest injured; J. F. Ma- guire, Roxbury, injured about head; Mrs. J. F. Maguire, injured about head; Mrs. Mary Barnes, Malden, injured inter- nally; Mrs. J. Burnes, Hyde Park, in- jured about head; Mrs Gannon, Cam- bridge, internal injuries; Thomas J. Burke, Norfolk Station, injured about head; William Ealer, Charlestown, in- jured about head; William B. Hoyt, Rox- bury, internal injuries; Roscoe, Rines, Roxbury, internal injuries.

The following were seriously injured in a wreck at Newport, Pa., on the Pennsyl- vania railway: C. A. Chamberlain, Har- risburg; F. S. Colville, Pittsburg; E. I. Brand Harrisburg; A. F. Woodruff, Lewistown, Pa.; M. S. Groff, Mount Joy, Pa.; A. T. Rowan, Trenton, N. J.; Joe Donald, freight brakeman, Mifflin, Pa.; George Gilmore and J. C. Campbell, Gallit- zin, Pa. Engineer Wolfkill and Fireman Raines were killed.

DARK HORSE FROM IOWA.

Walks Away from Baltimore with the Trophy for Wing Shooting.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 26.—Fred Gilbert, a dark horse in the race, who hails from Spirit Lake, Ia., won the Dupont cup, the wing championship of the world, and a fat purse in the pigeon shooting tournament which came to an end here yesterday after- noon. It is said that Gilbert never entered a tournament before in his life, but he shot like a veteran, thus repeating the per- formance of John G. Messner, of Pitts- burg, who won the grand American handicap of 1895, although it was his first tournament.

McAlester, the well-known wing shot, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, but now lives in Baltimore, was Gilbert's most dangerous competitor, as no others than these two killed twenty-five straight birds. Captain Jack Brewer, the veteran New Yorker, came very near it though, as he did not fall down until the last bird of the twenty-five got away from him. Then he lost his temper and missed his second bird in the shoot off for third and fourth money, and got nothing.

Caused a Costly Wreck.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 25.—Local freight train, south-bound from Columbia, on the Florida Central and Peninsular rail- road, was wrecked four miles from Sa- vannah. Some one set fire to a trestle over a ravine. The trestle supports were burned away and fourteen cars went down. The cars and 420 bales of cotton, and othes freight. The total loss is about $30,000. Two negroes were injured in the wreck.

Two Children Ground to Death.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29.—Mattie Warren, aged 10 years, and her brother Willie, 8 years old, were ground to death last even- ing by a Wabash engine in a tunnel at the entrance of Forest park. They were horribly mangled.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.

Money on call was nominally 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange was firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@486½ for demand and 487¼@487½ for sixty days; posted rates 486@488¼ and 488@490½; commercial bills, 480¾.

Silver certificates, 67¾@68¾; no sales; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars, 54.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 121¼; do. coupons, 123½; 5's reg. 114½; 5's coupons, 115¾; 4's reg. 111½; 4's coupons, 111½; 2's reg. 97½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Produce and Grain.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 59¾c, closed 59¾c; December, opened 63¾c, closed 60¼c; May, opened 64¾c, closed 64¾c. Corn—October, opened 30¾c, closed 30c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 27½c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29¼c. Oats—Octo- ber, opened 18c, closed 18c; December, opened 18¾c, closed 18¼c; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20¼c. Pork—October, opened $7.95, closed $8.00; January, opened $9.07½, closed $9.07½. Lard—October, opened $5.52½, closed $5.52½; January, opened $5.65, closed $5.62½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 21c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; packing stock, 9@ 10c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16c per doz. Poul- try—Spring chickens, 7@7½c per lb; old hens, 6½@7; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 8@9½c; ducks, 8½@9c; geese, $5.00@4.67 per doz. Potatoes—Bur- banks, 20@22c per bu; sweet potatoes, Illi- nois, $1.85@1.50 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@3.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, fancy, 15c; broken comb, 13@14c; extracted, 5@6c per lb. Cran- berries—Cape Cod, $5.50@8.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Esti- mated receipts for the day, 50,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.65 pigs, $3.40@3.82½ light, $3.25@3.40 rough packing, $3.40@3.85 mixed, and $3.45@3.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 19,000; quotations ranged at $4.85@5.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.20@4.80 good to choice do., $3.70@4.15 fair to good, $3.50@3.80 common to medium do., $3.15@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.15@2.90 stockers, $3.00@3.60 feeders, $1.80@3.50 cows, $2.40@4.50 heifers, $1.75@4.75 bulls, $2.70@3.80 Texas steers, $2.90@4.05 west- ern range steers, and $3.00@3.90 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.25 westerns, $1.75@2.40 Texas, $1.75@3.50 natives, and $2.60@ 4.50 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Oct. 28.

Cattle—Receipts, 5,300; cattle lower; good butchers' cows, heifers and fair steers about steady; stockers strong to shade higher; best 1,300@1,350-lbs. steers, $4.40@4.75; common butchers's steers, 700@1,000 lbs, $3.00@3.40; best fat cows, $2.75@3.00; good fat heifers, $3.50@4.00. Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; 10@15c low- er; pigs and Yorkers, $3.85@3.90; mixed, me- dium and heavy, $3.95@4.00; all sell. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 25,000; sheep market only steady; will be good many left over; best export sheep, $3.75@4.00; best lambs, $4.00@4.25; fair lambs, $3.50@3.75; good sheep, $2.50@2.75; fair sheep, $2.00@2.25. Calves— Best, $6.50@7.00.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 28.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58¾c; No. 1 northern, 60½c; December, 59¾c. Corn—No. 3, 30½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20¼@20½c; No. 3 do., 19½ @19½c. Barley—No. 2, 40c; samples, 39@40½c. Rye—No. 1, 49½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Oct. 23.

Pulaski, N. Y., reports a fall of seven- teen inches of snow, accompanied by heavy thunder.

Charles Stockey, the missing cashier of the suspended State Bank of Duluth, is alleged to have embezzled $100,000.

The Japanese have driven the Black Flags out of the capital of Formosa.

Harry Hayward, the convicted murderer of Catherine Ging at Minneapolis, has printed a 4,000-word statement to prove that his recent attempt to escape was planned by the deputy sheriff, who de- sired by "discovering" his own plot to make himself solid with the authorities.

The old Seven Stars tavern, in east Vin- cent township, Chester county, Pa., together with the stables, was burned. The Seven Stars tavern was one of the oldest land- marks in the country. It was the scene of many a stirring event during the revo- lution. Washington and his generals often stopped there.

Ex-Governor Oliver Ames (a son of the noted Oakes Ames), of North Easton, Mass., is dead, aged 64. His career as business man and politician was honor- able all through.

Thursday, Oct. 24.

Mrs. C. P. Noakes, of Chicago, hired two strange men to assist in moving her household effects. One hundred dollars of money she had hidden under a carpet is missing.

Because his mother whipped him Will- iam H. Pitner, colored, 14 years old, of Chicago, attempted to drown himself in the lake by jumping from the Randolph street viaduct. He was rescued by a police- man.

It is currently reported at Rio Janeiro that the monarchists of that country are to try to overthrow the republic and place on the throne Prince Pierre, of Saxe Co- burg. The story is pooh-poohed at Lon- don, where it is known that Prince Pierre is in an Austrian lunatic asylum.

San Francisco proposes to raise a fund of $100,000 for expenses if the national Republican convention is secured for that city.

Near Mount Gilead, O., Christopher Miller shot his wife fatally and then com- mitted suicide by hanging. He had been adjudged insane, but relatives kept him from going to an asylum.

Friday, Oct. 25.

The coal strike in the Massillion (Ohio) district is practically at an end, the miners having been gradually resuming work for several days past.

In kicking up some rubbish in the rear of Holmes' "castle" at Chicago a boy turned up part of a skull. Some claim that it is the skull of a bulldog, while oth- ers say it looks like a woman's skull, and might be one of the Williams sisters.

Friends of Joseph E. Mullenix, of Pitts- burg, are trying to find out what has be- come of him since he was in South Pueblo, Col., three years ago. It is known that he went to Chicago just before the opening of the fair to seek work.

Strothman Bros.' foundry, the largest in Superior, Wis., is in the hands of a re- ceiver, owing to complications caused by contentions among the partners.

A decree of divorce has been granted at Yankton, S. D., in the case of Mrs. Mabel W. Yznaga against Fernando A. Yznaga, of New York city. The com- plaint alleges desertion of the plaintiff by the defendant on the 5th of February, 1894.

The Unitarian conference at Washing- ton has adjourned after re-electing Senator Hoar president.

Saturday, Oct. 26.

Susan B. Anthony was seen at Ashta- bula, O., in regard to the dispatch stating that she would retire from public life. She denies the statement and says she has devoted the best part of her life to the up- lifting of her sex and does not now pur- pose to abandon the work.

The fight for the seat in congress from the Eighteenth Illinois district between W. F. L. Hadley, Republican, and Edward Lane, Democrat, is very lively, and the Democrats are making the fight for free silver, 16 to 1.

Ross C. Van Bokkelen, the Chicago bank thief, pleaded guilty and was given an indeterminate sentence at Joliet.

Senator Palmer, of Illinois, authorizes the announcement that he will not be a candidate for the toga again.

Jack Dempsey is dying of consumption at Portland, Ore.

J. B. Wing, aged 75 years, died at Green Bay, Wis. He had been keeper of the gov- ernment lighthouse on Grass Island, in Green Bay, during the past twenty-eight years.

Monday, Oct. 28.

Mrs. Truxton Beale, nee Blaine, has separated from her husband and the two will be divorced. Incompatibility of temper.

Three hundred and fifty Illinois and Missouri editors, accompanied by their wives, comprised a party which has left St. Louis for the Atlanta exposition.

The tug T. T. Morford, one of the largest at Chicago, exploded her boiler and killed three men. John Erickson, John Ferguson and Charles Dick. John Cull- inan and Daniel McRae were badly in- jured. The boat was blown to pieces.

The death in Ireland is announced of Mrs. J. B. Eustis, wife of the American ambassador at Paris.

Samuel Josephs, who wrote "Fo Yeers More for Grover," is dead at Phila- delphia.

The American liner St. Paul on her maiden westward trip made the passage in 6 days 17 hours and 51 minutes, in spite of the fact that she had to run with one screw for nearly twenty-two hours. The time is remarkably fast.

New Strength

Is given tired, nervous women by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had rheumatism and catarrh bad- ly, but since tak- ing 12 bottles of Hood's Sarsapa- rilla I am a dif- ferent woman. I take Hood's Sar- saparilla every spring and am as strong and well as a woman of 35. A doctor is never called into my home, as all of my family use Hood's Sar- saparilla and Hood's Pills." MRS. ALICE V. ENRIGHT, 145 Jay St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Rich Red Blood. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, bilious- ness, headaches. 25c.

THE PERSISTENT LOVER.

Sweethearts? Of course. I had a dozen.
I was a pretty girl, you know.
Don't look at my gray hairs and wrinkles.
Remember this was years ago.

They came until I often wondered
How I could ever pick and choose,
But there was one among the number
I vowed I'd certainly refuse.

For Joe was short and dark and quiet,
And those three faults I couldn't bear.
The man I dreamed of for a husband
Was always gay and tall and fair.

But Joe kept coming with the others,
Although I tried to make it plain
That he'd no chance, somehow it hurt me
To see his look of silent pain.

Then Harry spoke and Jim and Charley.
I liked them every one, and still—
'Twas that Joe's doing—I refused them;
I did, but 'twas against my will.

Well, time went. Joe made his offer,
Which I, with many thanks, declined.
Would you believe it? He kept on coming;
Said only "I might change my mind."

Said "he could wait"—so aggravating!
Such coolness drove me almost wild.
But when I stormed he'd sigh and answer
As if I were a fractious child.

But wait he did, five years and over.
It's comforting at this late day
To think how long he dangled round me,
And how I made him beg and pray.

Sometimes I think that Joe bewitched me,
For it was strange that when I tried
To say "Yes" to some other suiter
I'd always doubt, nor dare decide.

Well, so I finally consented.
Resistance was in vain, you see.
Somehow I didn't want the others,
And Joseph wanted me.

—Happenchance.

ANNIE CARTER.

The colonel had just bought a drink and was ruefully sizing up a small pile of change, allowing it to trickle slowly from one hand to the other. Then he figured up the time that was due to elapse before pay day, scratched the side of his face reflectively and remarked:

"It makes me feel like a stack of white checks when I think how hard I work now and what little compensation I get and then look back to a time when I stood a good chance of being one of the wealthiest men in the southwest. And it makes me tired when I realize that my chance in that direction was spoiled by such a little thing as a hard rain. If it hadn't been for a downpour from the heavens, I would have had money to squander and I would have been the happy husband of Annie Carter, the prettiest girl in Arkansas.

"When I was quite a young man, I went up the White river in Arkansas one time on a hunting and fishing trip in company with two shoemakers and a doctor. We had a comfortable flatboat of our own and took things nice and easy. Finally we got up to Cow bayou, a long, wide swamp that ran parallel with the river for 10 or 12 miles. We concluded to go up the bayou and make a camp, and were just starting in that direction when we spied a little cabin on the opposite side of the river. It was a one story log house, with a little lean to built up against the back of it, and a little curl of blue smoke floated lazily from the wide chimney. The clearing around the cabin was dotted with flower beds and the front of it, and the sides, too, were covered with morning glory vines. It was a lovely spot, and as we were out of coffee, we decided to go over and negotiate for some. Accordingly we pulled for a landing we saw on the river bank and were soon tied up to shore. The doctor and I walked up to the cabin, leaving the shoemakers on the boat. We had about half covered the distance between the landing and the cabin when we heard a call from off in the woods, and in a few minutes we were given our first view of Annie Carter's father, Zachary Carter, known to steamboat men all over the southwest as 'Kunnel Kyahtah.'

"The kunnel was a commanding figure. Over 6 feet tall, he was as straight as an Indian and as handsome as a god. He had long hair and whiskers that reminded me of a rippling mass of pure white silk threads. He wore a suit of buckskin and moccasins, a wide brimmed white sombrero perched jauntily on one side of his head and carried a long rifle that was marked and dented with age and hard service. As he stepped out of the woods and stood in the warm sunlight on the edge of the clearing, the wind toying with his long hair and waving the fringe on his buckskin suit, he looked like an apparition.

"His jolly, brown face fairly beamed with good nature, and the doctor and I became stuck on him right away.

"'Make yonahselves welcome, gentlemen,' he cried cheerily as he came toward us. 'I'm powerful glad to see you all payin a visit to me in my humble cabin. My name is Kyahtah, gentlemen—Kunnel Kyahtah, bohn in the south and goin to die in the south. This is my home, and yonah welcome, a thousan times. I own all this land for three rifle shoots in every direction, and if you all want any of it I'll give it up. Most too much of it to handle for me.'

"As the old gentleman finished he came to where we were standing, and I don't think anybody ever gave me the glad hand more pleasantly and heartily than he did. My heart went out to him. The sweep of his hand when he described the boundaries of his land in three rifle shoots was majestic and proclaimed him of a stock that was better than common. We explained to him our project of pushing up the bayou, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"'Sho!' he said. 'You all is goin to stay right in Kunnel Kyahtah's cabin tell my Annie comes home. I can't allow you gentlemen to get away now I've got you. You see, my girl, Annie—finest creature in the whole world, sah, is up to Little Rock, goin to school. She's comin back to see her ole pa on the next boat, and I'm sort of shamed to meet her alone. Ain't seen her but once in four yeahs, when I went up to Little Rock. So damned noisy up there, jest peared like I'd go crazy, and I come back. Now, you all must stay to meet my little girl. I shore know they ain't no gentleman would disappoint me now.'

"The old man's tone was so wistful and eager that we consented to stay. Our host hurried into the cabin to prepare for our reception, and while he was gone the doc and I confided in each other that this was about the best thing that had ever been handed up to us, and we concluded to push it along. Both of us being young, we began to speculate about Annie, and we decided that she was probably an ordinary farmer girl clad in sunbonnet and calico, but we were anxious to see her just the same. I made up my mind that if she was as handsome as the old man said she was I would marry her and get a claim on that 'three rifle shoots' of land. After the play was all over, and doc and I had both quit without cashing in, he confided to me that he had made up his mind to the same proposition.

"Well, we just camped in the old man's cabin that day and ate and drank and smoked and talked. He had good whisky and tobacco and could cook like a chef. During the afternoon we found out all about him. He was nearly 70 years of age and had lived in the backwoods of Arkansas all his life. He was born on a big plantation and his father had been one of the most influential and wealthy men in the south. In his early youth—from the time he could walk, in fact—he had been wild. He would not go to school, and as he grew older he grew tougher. At the age of 19 he fell in love with the daughter of a neighboring planter, but there could be no marriage because of his bad reputation. One night he killed the girl's brother in a drunken quarrel, then rode to her home, stole her bodily out of the family mansion and carried her away on his horse.

"'I came right out to Arkansas and built this cabin,' he concluded. 'First, I changed my name. Then I began clearin the land and tryin to raise somethin to support my wife on. I didn't have no experience in work, and it was powerful hard at first. But love put muscle and determination in me, and I got along. Babies were bohn, but they died one after another, until Annie came. Annie cost me my wife. She died the night the baby was bohn, and I buried her with my own hands up on the hillside where the other innocents is laid away. All I got left, gentlemen, is Annie.'

"That night we all lay on the cabin floor and prepared to go to sleep, but the kunnel wouldn't let us. He was thoroughly ignorant and simple minded, but he thirsted after knowledge, and he could argue like a professor. It was one of his ideas that the earth was flat—incredible as it may seem—and he got the doctor into a very warm discussion on the subject. The doctor did his best to convince the kunnel that the world was round, but without success.

"'You all,' he remarked, to wind up the argument, 'is chuck full of flosophy. I ain't got no use for flosophy. You can't tell me that the stars, and the moon, and the sun stands still, and that the yearth revolates around 'em. I've set right out there at the cabin door many a night and see the moon a-movin jist as plain as anything. I'll jist say that the yearth is solid, and she don't move. She's rock clear through, and all you flosophy fellers will find it out ef you dig fur enough.'

"With that the old oracle lay over and went to sleep. The two shoemakers were lying near the door, and Joe and I were back farther in the cabin. Doc went to sleep, but I lay there and thought. The moonlight came in through a chink in the logs and played on the old man's silvery hair. I could hear the steady tick tick of my watch even above the sonorous breathing of the shoemakers. My thoughts drifted around to Annie and the 'three rifle shoots of land.' When I finally drifted into the land of nod, I dreamed a tall, handsome female stood on the bank of the river beckoning to me. As I started toward her she changed into a steamboat and floated away, leaving me standing where she had stood, disconsolate.

"We had a boss time with the kunnel for three days, hunting and fishing and enjoying his unique stories and arguing with him that the world was round. On the fourth night, as we were sitting in front of the cabin, we heard a sound like weird, sweet music coming from away back in the hill.

"'Camp meetin up at Stacy's,' laconically announced the kunnel. He went into the cabin, took down his rifle and strolled off without a word. He didn't come back that night, and we wondered at it. Neither did he come back the next day.

"The next evening, about 10 o'clock, we started out for Stacy's plantation, which was about two miles away, up on the hills, calculating on finding the old man. We had covered about half the distance when we heard the durndest steamboat whistling you ever saw. We hustled back to the cabin, and there in the river, drawn up alongside our houseboat, was one of the White river steamboats, with the captain standing on the gangplank and cussing as though he was getting $5 an oath and his time was limited. We hurried down to him to find out what was the matter.

"'Where in —— —— —— is Kunnel Kyahtah?" he yelled at us. 'Hyah's his Annie on th' boat, come down from Little Rock, an th' —— —— —— —— —— —— ole —— —— —— ain't here to meet her. This is a —— —— —— —— ——,' and so on ad lib., with a string of dots and dashes and astonishers.

"We held a consultation on shore and decided to form ourselves into a committee to receive Miss Annie, as her father had kept us over for that special purpose. The captain looked at us suspiciously and asked us all sorts of questions, implying all sorts of allegations, before he was half satisfied of our honest intentions. While we were conferring with him on the bank a majestic looking young woman walked out from the darkness on the boat and stood on the gangplank bathed in the moonlight.

"'That will be all right, captain,' she said in a voice that sounded as sweet and melodious as the music of a thousand harps. 'If these gentlemen are papa's friends, I am content to trust them.'

"In ten minutes the steady chug chug of the steamboat's paddle wheels was sounding dimly away off on the river, and Miss Annie had been introduced all around. By gosh, but she was a stunner. Tall and dark, with a red and olive complexion, jet black hair that waved and rippled, soft brown eyes and a mouth that was a standing invitation to kiss—she was a picture. Her clothes were elegant and her manners in keeping with them. She was as gentle and ladylike and sympathetic as a man's own mother, and doc and the two shoemakers and I fell head over heels in love with her at first sight. I don't think we made much of an impression, though. You see, the situation was so doggone peculiar that we felt like a lot of gillies, and we showed it. But she put us at our ease before long by suggesting that we go to the camp meeting.

"'Papa is there,' she said simply. 'He always goes to camp meetings when he hears of them and stays for days. Often before I went to school papa and I have spent weeks at camp meetings up and down the river.'

"There came pretty near being a riot about who should escort Miss Annie to the camp meeting. She went into the cabin while we dragged her baggage up from the boat, and we argued. Each one of us wanted the other three to stay and fix up the cabin. Doc was particularly virulent. Both he and I knew the shoemakers wouldn't be in it to any extent, and we realized that an early advantage would count like thunder. We hadn't reached any agreement when the baggage was all toted to the cabin, and all of us were feeling murderous. Suddenly Annie came out, gave me her arm with all the grace of a queen, and almost before I knew it we were walking off toward Stacy's. I was in the seventh heaven of bliss, and it didn't drag me down any to hear doc kicking himself viogrously and the shoemakers giving him 'Ha, ha!'

"On the way to the camp meeting we talked on all subjects, and I found the girl uncommonly bright. I fell deeper in love every minute and made up my mind I would marry her with or without the 'three rifle shoots' of land. I was crazy mashed, I tell you.

"We found the kunnel at the camp meeting, looking hollow eyed and haggard. I guess I never saw a more affecting meeting than that between the old backwoodsman and his lovely daughter. As soon as she saw him she flew to him, threw her arms around this neck and kissed him till I felt excessively envious of the old cuss. He just stood and looked at her while the tears streamed out of his eyes and murmured, 'Annie, my little girl, come back to your pore ole pap.'

"The sleepy enthusiasts at the camp meeting crowded round and greeted the girl joyously. Everybody was glad to see her. We got away finally and started back for the cabin, the old man and the girl with hands clasped, walking side by side and looking a world of love at each other. I trailed along like a caboose, getting more in love every minute. Just before we reached the cabin the old gentleman turned to me and put out his left hand. I grasped it. In his right hand he held the soft, brown hand of Annie.

"'I desire,' said the kunnel impressively, 'that you will tell youah friends that I apologize foh any seemin inhospitality. I was atonin fur a great sin.'

"I understood him and answered by a simple pressure of the strong palm.

"That night doc and the shoemakers and I slept in the flatboat, while the old man and Annie inhabited the cabin. The next morning we pitched camp on a little knoll about a quarter of a mile above the cabin, and doc and I began courting Annie. We distanced the shoemakers before we got to the quarter pole, and then it was neck and neck between us. We used to shave every day, and doc got out an old guitar, tuned it up and began to practice serenades. When doc wasn't with Annie, I was with her, and she treated us both so doggone nice we couldn't figure out which of us had the best of it. Doc was smarter and better looking than I was, but I stood in with the old man because I took him off to one side the day after Annie got back and informed him privately that I was and had always been of the opinion that the earth was flat and solid rock clear through. This gave me a leverage, and I had another because I was an expert rifle shot and doc couldn't hit an elevator with a load of slugs.

"I guess there never was a hotter courtship carried on in Arkansas than doc and I negotiated for nearly six weeks. Finally the thing got to be unbearable, and we held a conference one afternoon on the houseboat, with the shoemakers as witnesses. It was agreed between us that one of us was to propose, and if he was accepted the other was to leave the country instanter. If he was refused, the other was to be given a chance. We cut the cards to see who would get the first chance with a proposal, and doc, who cut first, showed up a tray of diamonds. I cut a tray of spades. Then doc cut the king of spades, and I, with beads of sweat standing on my brow, cut an ace of clubs. It was agreed that I was to propose to Annie that evening.

"About one hour later one of the worst storms that ever broke loose in Arkansas came tearing down the White river valley. It was a regular cyclone, and the rain fell in sheets, while the thunder and lightning made a display the like of which I have never seen. We were secure in the houseboat and smoked and played cards and listened to the wind and rain. I noticed that the boat was straining the lines that held her to the shore, but as we had them tied to two giant trees we felt secure.

"About 6 o'clock in the evening, when it was as dark as midnight and the storm was more severe than ever, I began to get ready for a run to the Carter cabin to propose to Annie. It was agreed that I was to come back as soon as possible to relieve doc's suspense. Well, bundled up to defy the elements, I stepped out on the deck of our little boat to start on my mission. I found the river was rising rapidly and that the wind was so powerful as to almost blow me off my feet. Back in the forest, above the roar of the tempest, I could hear trees and branches breaking off and falling, snapped like pipe stems. I gathered myself for a leap to the bank, and then something happened.

"The trees we were tied up to were suddenly bent almost to the boat by a sudden gust of wind, and the ropes broke with a crash. The boat, free from her moorings, was blown out in the river, and down stream we started like the wind that was blowing us along. I crawled back in the boat, and all four of us put out big oars to steer with, but the effort was futile. The boat was absolutely unmanageable, and the best we could do was to drift with the wind and current. About five miles below the Carter cabin the craft was overturned, and we had an awful experience all night, clinging to the upturned hulk, blown and tossed this way and that. The storm continued three days, but we got to shore about 10 o'clock next morning sick and bruised. We found a settlement and went to bed, and then doc and I both took sick, and the shoemakers nursed us. It was three weeks before we got out of bed.

"As soon as we could we hastened back to the Carter cabin. The cabin was empty, and there was a new grave in the little cemetery on the hill. We learned that the old gentleman, on his way to our camp to see if we were safe that awful night, was struck by a falling tree within 100 yards of his door and fatally injured. Annie dragged him to the house and attended to him, keeping him alive until the next morning. Before he died he gave her the story of his life and letters to her relatives in the south, and after the funeral she went away, a broken hearted girl, leaving no trace behind. It was generally supposed that we were drowned, and Annie made every effort to recover our bodies before she left. I never could find out who her relatives were, and that's how I missed being a wealthy man and the husband of Annie Carter. I might have found her by watching the land, but I never did. A man never does what he ought to do until it's too late to do him any good."—St. Louis Republic.

One on a Practical Joker.

One day not very long ago as a gentleman who delights in playing jokes was walking along one of the down town streets he was met by a friend whom he had often succeeded in making ridiculous by his good natured trickery, and who repeatedly avowed his intention of getting even with him. It was directly in front of one of the banks where they met, and as they came within speaking distance the friend extended his hand very cordially and said:

"Why, hello, So-and-so. Glad to see you. Won't you have some lunch with me today?"

"Yes, I'd be pleased to," said the other.

"Well, get right into my buggy," said the friend, pointing to an elegant rig in front of the bank, "and I'll be ready in a few moments."

So saying, the friend went into the bank, while his unsuspecting companion got into the buggy, pulled the duster over his lap and prepared to enjoy the ride home with his friend. He had been sitting in this position for about five minutes when a tall, fine looking woman with a couple of small bundles came out of a dry goods store two or three doors east of the bank and walked toward the buggy. They did not see each other until the lady got very close to the buggy, as it faced the opposite direction to the store from which she was coming and the man was sitting on the side next to the street. As soon as the lady reached the buggy and was about to deposit her bundles on the seat she saw the intruder, stopped short and gazed at him in utter amazement. She was the first to speak and said in a rather haughty manner:

"What are you doing in my buggy?"

The man now saw this was one on him, and turning very red in the face he stammered out: "Oh—er—ah, I guess there's some mistake. Beg your pardon."

So saying, the poor victim beat a hasty retreat and started toward the bank, where he found his friend just inside the door, nearly convulsed with laughter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cents and Nickels.

Gold is coined in Philadelphia and San Francisco. Not enough of it comes into the mint at New Orleans to make the coinage of it there worth while. All three mints make every denomination of silver pieces. The minor coins of base metal, cents and nickels, are all minted in Philadelphia, where nearly 100,000,000 pennies are turned out annually.

Cents, being of small value, are carelessly handled and are lost in such great numbers that the treasury has to work hard to maintain the supply. The profit to the government on their manufacture is large, however, inasmuch as the blanks for them are purchased for $1 per 1,000 from a firm in Connecticut that produces them by contract. Blanks for nickels are obtained in the same way, costing Uncle Sam only a cent and a half apiece.

Goldpieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains $20 worth of gold without counting the one-tenth part of copper.—New York World.

Realism.

The realist trembled with passion.

"Only $25 for my picture!" he shrieked. "Why, sir, are you aware that the land there portrayed never sold for less than $450 a front foot?"

Doubtless an oppressive silence would have intervened but for the roar of a storm at sea depicted upon a nearby canvas.—Detroit Tribune.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

IRISH-AMERICANS

OF

Chicago and the Great West!

Just Consider for a Moment Where You Would be Placed Without a Paper to Voice Your Sentiments!

You will all willingly admit that THE CITIZEN, since its establishment Fourteen Years ago, has kept the torch of Irish Nationality burning untiringly, like the lamp "in Kildare's Holy Fane." In an era of greed and selfishness it has appealed to the higher instincts of Irish manhood in America, and has preached Sound American Doctrine, alike opposed to native and foreign Know-nothingism.

It has not been led away by the Ignis fatuus of English Whiggery, and has fought the good fight and kept the faith, while weaker brethren, even while the Prophet was on the mountain, bowed down and adored an idol in the desert. It is the premier organ of true Irish Nationality, and, as such, should be supported by the people it has championed. THE CITIZEN has kept the colors of Irish Independence nailed to the mast, heedless of the wrath of Ireland's foes. The friends of Ireland should, therefore, sustain it in a manner worthy of the cause.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $2.00 Per Year.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. NO CLUB RATES. ONE PRICE TO ALL.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Little Christopher."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Helene Mora.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Thrilby."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Old Homestead."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—La Perichole.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE CHURCH VS. THE NATION.

THE CITIZEN predicted several months ago that the continual interference of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood in Ireland's partisan politics would eventually lead to evil results, and, unfortunately, the prediction has been to a great extent verified. We find the following significant editorial in the *Kilkenny Journal*, a paper identified with the McCarthyite section of the Irish Parliamentary party, of Oct. 19:

"The Bishops of Ireland have at length felt constrained to enter a strong protest against the reckless and sinister writings and speeches which of late, have become a source of serious peril to the Catholic people of Ireland. The fierce and slanderous attacks upon the bishops and priests made by prominent politicians, and the equally malicious open and persistent denunciations of them by certain newspapers rendered it imperatively necessary that their lordships should intervene and warn their flocks against the dangers of the evil that was fast spreading among them. Under cover of political catch-cries these speakers and these newspapers have for a long time past been preaching a determined crusade against the Irish hierarchy with the deliberate but not openly avowed object of severing the bonds that have ever united the Irish people with their priesthood. We do not hold that those in political sympathy with these speakers and newspapers endorsed the anti-clerical element, introduced into political discussions. We should be sorry indeed to believe, for instance, that any large section of the Kilkenny Parnellites would subscribe to the policy preached by Mr. Patrick O'Brien, on this point. Underlying this question of Parnellism there has long been the organized effort on the part of some of the leaders to turn the people against their clergy, and it is full time that the unthinking followers of these men should be gravely and solemnly warned against these evil teachings. At a meeting of the Catholic archbishops and bishops of Ireland held in Maynooth College on Thursday their lordships unanimously decided to issue the protest to which we have referred. 'We are painfully compelled,' they say, 'by a sense of duty to our flocks to warn them against certain newspaper writings and other utterances in which the bishops of this country are treated with a total disregard to the reverence due to their sacred office and character, and in a tone that is equally at variance with the traditional piety of the Irish people.' The people of Ireland know thoroughly well the class of newspapers to which their lordships refer—newspapers which day after day teemed with the most vile denunciations of bishops and priests—no lampooning being considered insolent or irreverent enough. Their lordships clearly define their position so far as politics is concerned. They do not wish to coerce anyone so long as the interests of the church are not invaded. 'For the most part,' say their lordships, 'those writings and speeches are connected with political discussions. With these as such we do not propose to deal: for we have no desire to interfere with the legitimate freedom of thought and action of those writers and speakers as long as they do not trench on God's law, and in this particular instance on the duties which it prescribes toward the ministers of religion. But we cannot tolerate under the pretext of political discussions, or any other pretext the use of language which if allowed to be repeated without protest, can have no other effect than to weaken, and, if possible, in the end, destroy, the filial confidence which, at all times, has existed between the Irish people and their priests, and has been the natural outcome in God's providence of the sacred and intimate relations which exist between them. We trust that this admonition will be enough, and that we shall not be forced to an exercise of our spiritual authority for the prevention of this very grave evil.' We trust that this calm and dignified pronouncement may have some weight with those who have so long committed themselves to the career of slander and misrepresentation, and that their lordships be spared the necessity of having recourse to more extreme measures."

THE CITIZEN does not believe the assertion of the *Kilkenny Journal* that "underlying this question of Parnellism there has long been an organized effort on the part of some of the leaders to turn the people against their clergy." No power on earth can turn the Irish Catholic people against their priests, but the priests themselves. If the priests in the fight of Ireland against England were identified as citizens with the Irish nation, as a whole, it would be a glorious spectacle; but to be identified with factions and factions of factions, and to threaten with hell fire and brimstone all who oppose their political views, is quite different. Irish history shows that the Irish hierarchy and clergy were never wholly united against the English enemy since the first landing of the Normans. In fact, when Henry II came they all, even including St. Lorcan O'Tuhill, called by English Catholic chroniclers, St. Lawrence O'Toole, counselled submission to the royal rascal who carried the Pope's bull, granting Ireland to England on condition that the latter compelled the Irish to pay Peter's Pence regularly to Rome, in his pouch. From that time to this, while there have been many glorious, patriotic prelates, like Heber MacMahon, MacEgan, of Ross, Doyle, of Kildare and Leighlin and, in his prime, John McHale, of Tuam, quite as many, or more, were either entirely neutral or partisans of the English interest in some form. The priests, being closer to the people, were generally more patriotic than their spiritual superiors, but even in their ranks many upholders of English rule could be found at nearly every period of the Irish struggle. When Henry VIII and his daughter turned schismatic or Protestant, nearly all the English blooded bishops in Ireland turned with them, and so also did many of the English blooded priests. The bishops and priests of the old blood remained generally faithful, thus showing, as we have often said, that the spirit of nationality has always much to do with the religion of a people. In fact, this idea was ably upheld by Bishop Nulty of Meath, now himself involved in the parliamentary faction fight, when ten years ago he warned Rome, which had just sent forth the Anti-Parnell rescript that no nation long remained faithful to a church that opposed its national aspirations.

Why, in God's holy name, do not the Irish bishops and clergy imitate their brethren in America, where the Catholic people and their clergy live on the most affectionate and honorable terms? Our bishops and priests mind their own business severely, and when they mingle in politics, or temporal matters at all, they do not expect the laity to be governed in any sense by their political views. It is useless for the Irish hierarchy to make the claim that they have never interfered with the free will of the Irish people in political matters. They deceive themselves. They have often interfered—fatally for Ireland. The best thing for them to do now is to let the dead past bury its dead, and not seek anew to found a code of morals, justifying their interference, on the shifting sands of Irish factional politics.

THE CITIZEN earnestly desires to see the Irish nation remain, as a majority, Catholic, because the old creed, among other desirable things, distinguishes sharply the Irish from the English. There are many patriotic Irish Protestants, for whom we have friendship and respect, because they are Irish in spite of being Protestant. There are many Irish Catholics for whom we have the most unmitigated aversion and contempt, because they are English in spite of being Catholic. These latter are the true element of danger in the church at home and abroad. An anti-Irish Catholic is a greater menace to religion than the most virulent Orange preacher that ever hurled anathemas against Rome. When Ireland ceases to be national—if such a calamity should ever befall her—the Irish in Ireland and throughout the world will gradually drift from the old anchorage of faith and be absorbed by the "Anglo-Saxons," the "Scotch-Irish" and the Ingersollian infidels.

WELCOMES THE NEW MOVEMENT.

In the ancient city of Waterford—the birthplace of Ireland's cherished patriot-orator and America's honored soldier, Thomas Francis Meagher—there is published the *Munster Express*—the most national and outspoken of all the Irish newspapers. It is one of the few Irish journals that seems to grasp the meaning of the late Irish National Alliance convention held in this city. We find in the issue of Oct. 19 the following, which we gladly reproduce:

"From the warring factions that at the present time disgrace Irish politics one turns with relief to the patriotic unanimity which characterized the enormous gathering of the Irish clans, which was held in Chicago during the closing days of September last. Soreheads at home and across the Atlantic endeavored to belittle that movement, and by having resource to that weird and ghastly wizard, 'The Attributor of Motives,' they endeavored to befoul the fair name of its promoters. The answer to these calumniators was given by the unity, fraternity, cohesion, and patriotic earnestness which characterized the vast conference of determined men who assembled in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago in September. We are among those who still believe that much good can be achieved constitutionally by following the lines laid down by Parnell, yet we cannot help feeling refreshed at the object lesson taught the hereditary foe, and the 'set back' given to those Anglo-Irishmen who say, 'We are all English now, you know,' by the expatriated Clan-na-Gael who form the Irish National Alliance. It is not for us to preach peace. The Irish people should gladly hail their freedom even if heralded by the sword's flash and cannon's roar. John Mitchel contended that the strength of a constitutional movement was in the certainty of a sterner one behind. The men who constitute the executive of the New Movement are as true as steel. In their hands, in the language of Meagher, American politics cannot taint nor tarnish it. Nor will the calumny of soreheads extinguish it. We across the Atlantic wish the New Movement—All Hail!"

PARNELL'S MEMORY MISUSED.

THE CITIZEN has the most profound admiration for the brilliant gifts and patriotic labors of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, but laments that the anniversary of his sad and untimely death should be made a day of crimination and recrimination by the warring factions of his countrymen in Ireland. It is well, indeed, to respectfully commemorate our illustrious dead, but we doubt the wisdom of raking up, so to speak, the relics of Parnell at Glasnevin every year, and holding a sort of factious war-dance over them. It looks too much like holding an annual "wake" for political effect. We don't remember any similar case in Irish history. It was not done in the case of Tone or Emmet, or O'Connell or Smith O'Brien. Why should Parnell be made an exception? Why should he, who always preached the union of Irishmen, be made a tool of faction, now that he has lain four years in Irish earth? The great Dublin demonstration held the 6th of last month, showed as clearly as possible that there is a deep rooted national sentiment in the hearts of the young men not alone of Dublin but of all Ireland. The same spirit animated their fathers, who attended the McManus obsequies in the Irish capital thirty-four years ago. But no factious sentiments were uttered at the grave of Terence Bellew McManus, the chevalier of the unfortunate Irish "rising" of 1848.

Parnell's followers ought to imitate the dignity of the men of 1861. They should avoid taunting McCarthy, Healy, Dillon, O'Brien and the rest, who, like Peter, denied their Master, and were sufficiently punished when the Lion roared approval of their weakness. Parnell, as we understand it, was not entirely blameless in that crisis; and, possessing the knowledge we do, from sources that are reliable, we cannot think it wise policy for Mr. Redmond and his friends to keep the sore permanently open by their annual death howl around the grave in Glasnevin. THE CITIZEN yields to no one in its respect for the memory of Parnell as a political leader and an ardent patriot; but he was by no means a saint, nor was he a martyr, except to his ungovernable passions. Had he retired for a year at the time of the divorce court expose, Ireland would have forgiven his very human lapse, and he would, no doubt, be alive today and leading a united country to possible victory—so far as the achievement of home rule could be counted a victory. Ireland can never forget the services of Parnell, but she ought to be allowed to forget the errors that deprived her of so great a chief.

THOMAS A. SMYTH.

Among the candidates for Drainage Trustee is Mr. Thomas A. Smyth, of the West Division—a gentleman well known and highly esteemed by all citizens of Chicago, irrespective of race, creed or politics. Mr. Smyth is still a young man, but has had extensive business experience and is in every way qualified to discharge the duties of the office to which he is sure to be elected. Few business men in Chicago enjoy a more enviable reputation for industry, energy and success than Thomas A. Smyth. Mr. Smyth is especially deserving of the support of Irish-Americans, for on every possible occasion he has generously supported the cause of Ireland. Although he has lived in comparative retirement since the lamented death of his wife, some twenty months ago, left him in charge of a very young family, his face has been a very familiar one at Irish national meetings, and his hand is ever open in behalf of the land of his parents. The latter came here from Ballina, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, in 1848. Mr. Smyth was born on Lake Michigan during the voyage from Canada to Chicago. He was reared and educated in this city, and here he has spent all his life up to the present. He married Miss Elizabeth Usher, of Boston, member of an old and respectable Irish family—the lady whose sad and untimely demise has been noted. Mr. Smyth is engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He has never held public office. Despite his irreparable loss he is a model of manly cheerfulness and good nature. He has a kindly nature, a heart as big as the big hill of Nephin, and a soulfulness as fresh and flowing as the waters of the river Moy, in the famous county of his parents. THE CITIZEN cordially hopes that "Tom" Smyth will be elected, and that by an enormous vote.

MANCHESTER ANNIVERSARY.

The United Irish Societies met last Sunday afternoon at No. 81 Clark street, to make arrangements for the Allen, Larkin and O'Brien demonstration at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, Nov. 23. A permanent organization was effected, and the following officers were elected: President, Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick; vice-presidents, John T. Keating and John McCaffrey; secretary, T. H. Clifford; financial secretary, Arthur Donoghue; treasurer, Lawrence Henely. The evening's programme will consist of songs, recitations and speeches. Matthew P. Brady will be the chairman of the evening, and the oration will be delivered by Clarence S. Darrow. W. A. Cunnea will read the address.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S WAR PROPHECY.

A dispatch from Concord, N. H., dated last Tuesday, says:

"The *Evening Monitor*, Senator Chandler's paper, contains a leader from his pen tonight, in which war with England is predicted. It has for its caption, "Our Coming War With England—A Prediction," and is summarized thus: 'War between the United States and England is inevitable. It will arise on account of British disregard for our direct interests, it will also be forced by British encroachments upon other nations all over the world. It will be fought by us, having Russia as our European ally. As a war offensive on our part it may not happen within twenty years. As a defensive war it may come sooner, and should be welcomed. One sure result will be the capture and permanent acquisition of Canada by the United States. Russia will be our sure ally. Russia and the United States, the two non-colonizing great nations, are the hope of the small independent governments of both hemispheres. Together they defy the world. They must and will restrain the brutality and blooded avarice of Great Britain. Let this be understood at once, and let England strike the first blow if she chooses. A million men and muskets will overrun Canada, and England's commercial ships will be swept from the ocean. She cannot reach us to injure us except by sending ironclads across the Atlantic to capture our harbors. Little comparative damage will be done, while the waters and land will soon see the ruin of the ships and the slaughter of the armies of the invader."

The Senator has in mind, no doubt, the war of 1812, which the United States wished to avoid, but which England brought on by her insolent aggression. In those days she claimed "the right of search" on the seas, and did not hesitate to impress into her service sailors of British and Irish birth, adopted citizens of this country, whom her myrmidons of the ocean found on board our ships. At last patience ceased to be a virtue, and congress, urged on by President Madison, declared war, with a result glorious for all time to the American navy, both on the Atlantic and the great lakes. Our land forces did not do as well, except under General Jackson at New Orleans. General Hull weakly surrendered Detroit, and the Buffalo militia acted shamefully at Queenston Heights, the military reputation of the United States being, however, nobly sustained by a handful of regulars under General Winfield Scott. This whole force, after performing prodigies of valor, was forced to surrender on honorable terms Among the prisoners taken were several Irishmen, who were at once separated from their comrades and threatened with hanging as traitors to Great Britain. General Scott protested immediately and declared that for every Irish prisoner hanged stern reprisal would be made by the United States. Thereupon the British bullies quailed, and the necks of the Irish were saved.

With the exception of General Scott and Commodores Perry and Lawrence, all the chief heroes of the war of 1812 were Irish-Americans—Andrew Jackson, Commodore Stewart (Parnell's maternal grandfather), Commodore McDonough, the victor of the battle of Lake Champlain and many others.

The question of right of search was settled forever, to our advantage, by the issue of that war. The question of "once a subject always a subject" was disposed of also to our advantage by the Treaty of Washington, following close on the arrest of Colonel Warren of Boston, and other American citizens who were in the Erin's Hope naval expedition to Ireland.

Now England, uninfluenced by her bad luck in dealing with us in the past, is flouting our Monroe doctrine, and loudly proclaiming, through her press and statesmen, her contempt for the same. We do not expect that the incumbent administration will take a firm stand against Great Britain on this momentous question. Mr. Cleveland is getting old, fat and lazy, and, doubtless, shrinks from the labor a foreign war would necessarily impose upon him. Besides, he is, according to report, personally averse to trouble with England. His organs claim, of course, that congress is the only power that can declare war, and raise armies, equip navies, and soforth. That is all very true, but congress and the country have always stood by the president when he deemed it expedient for the honor or the interest of America to call the nation to arms. The Hartford convention, called during the trouble of 1812, to the discredit of the New Englanders, was about the only exception to the rule, and it did not avail. The majority of the people stood by President Madison, as they would also by Mr. Cleveland if he were to advocate war with England on the Venezuelan boundary question. We notice that some of the American newspapers loud in in their demands for intervention on behalf of Cuba, sing somewhat small, and sneer at Senator Chandler, in connection with his prediction of war with England. The latter is a privileged character with some of our politicians and editors, but the masses of the American people are not in love with English methods on this side of the Atlantic, and heartily sympathize with the patriotic attitude of Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, Senator Frye of Maine, and Senator Cullom of Illinois.

HON. FARLIN Q. BALL.

Without wishing in the slightest to disparage any other judicial candidate, THE CITIZEN cannot help saying a good word for the Hon. Farlin Q. Ball. He was a gallant soldier when the country needed defenders, and his record as a lawyer is without a flaw. Mr. Ball's well known broad American manliness has made him enemies among bigots and proscriptionists, who did all in their power to defeat him when he was last a candidate, and, unfortunately, succeeded in their object. The knowledge of this fact has made Mr. Ball many friends among the liberal element of all parties, and the indications now are that he will be triumphantly elected.

JOHN F. FINERTY will deliver the address at the great meeting to be held in commemoration of the Manchester martyrs at the Grand Opera House, New York City, on Sunday evening, Nov. 24.

OUR pious friend of the *Catholic Register*, Toronto, is getting sour. He accuses THE CITIZEN of having confounded Archbishop Walsh, of Canada, with Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, in regard to the national convention proposed to Mr. Blake by the former. Well, what of it? We said nothing against the Canadian archbishop, and whatever we said of the Irish archbishop will do him good. As a matter of fact, the dispatches were not very clear on the point. We don't know why the editor of the *Catholic Register* should make a would-be insulting personal attack on us for a very explainable mistake. Fellows of small mind, like himself, always take advantage of their intellectual superiors, just as the small boy on the sidewalk laughs consumedly when a man tumbles from his "bike" in the street. We don't know the editor of the *Catholic Register* personally—at least we think we don't—but that he is a person of constipated gray matter is evident from his writings. These obscure scribblers have the advantage of us. They remind us of a sore finger whose identity is temporarily destroyed through being swathed in a dirty rag.

MR. WILLIAM BOLDENWICK has made an ideal member of the Board of Drainage Trustees and richly deserves re-election. He is a gentleman of the highest personal character, and as broad and liberal in his views as it is possible for any one to be. We hope to see him go back on the board with a largely increased majority.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, the passably learned English "savant," whose chief fame rests on his everlasting abuse of "the Irish," has been writing to the London *Times* about the Sackville-West incident. In the course of his remarks he says, "The Irish vote is the bane of all Anglo-Saxon communities. In an intercourse of thirty years, I have not met an American who has not felt ashamed of this subservience." We can go the "Prof" one better. In an "intercourse" of thirty-one years we have never met an American who has not felt ashamed of America's financial, economical and diplomatic subserviency to England. Genuine Americans have Smith's measure. They are the most polite people in the world, and would not dream of contradicting a literary lunatic who, metaphorically speaking, displays dependant from the cartilage of his nose, in front of his red-flannel mouth, this legend: "Please to always abuse the Irish in my presence.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI, papal delegate to America, has been created a cardinal by the Pope.

CHICAGO, in company with all the central portion of the continent, "enjoyed" two sharp shocks of earthquake at about 5 o'clock Thursday morning. No damage.

FATHER HODNETT'S RECEPTION.

The Rev. T. P. Hodnett of St. Malachy's parish, Western avenue and Walnut street, was given a royal welcome last Tuesday evening by his parishioners on his return from a nine months' trip abroad. He was met at the Lake Shore Station by a delegation composed of Bernard McDevitt, E. Murphy, Peter Fortune, and Richard O'Neill, and escorted to the church, the Western Reserve Court of Foresters, eighty strong, carrying torches, headed by the Holy Family Band, acting as bodyguard. At the church Father Hodnett was greeted by the congregation and by Fathers Trant of Milwaukee, Crowe, O'Brien, McDevitt, O'Connell, Woulfe, Code and Luttrell, who tendered him an enthusiastic reception. The address of welcome was made by J. J. Callaghan, president of St. Malachy's parish. Afterwards Father Hodnett spoke of his trip abroad. He, with Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee, was received by the Pope last March. He said he brought the Papal blessing to the people of St. Malachy's parish and that Pope Leo had told him he was always cheered by encouraging reports received from American priests and bishops. Father Hodnett visited the Holy Land and climbed Mount Olivet.

DIRGE OF ATHUNREE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

The battle of Athunree, or Athenry, which in Gaelic signifies "Ford of the Kings," was fought in the summer of 1316—three years after the battle of Bannockburn—between the Irish clans of Connaught, led by Prince Felim, or Fedlim, O'Connor, on the one side, and the Anglo-Normans of Leinster and Munster, led by de Bermingham, the Fitzgeralds and the de Burgos on the other. It was the bloodiest engagement ever fought on Irish soil; and no battle could have been more heroically contested, raging as it did from daylight until dark. It was the Flodden Field of Ireland. Norman numbers, discipline and armor finally prevailed, and vanquished Connaught sullenly resigned the field. About four thousand Anglo-Normans and ten thousand native Irish perished—the latter, as at Aughrim, chiefly in the flight and pursuit. Prince Felim, his brothers and cousins to the number of twenty-nine, perished on the field in the midst of their bravest followers. Athenry is situated but a few miles northeast of Galway, and is not more than twenty miles from that other Irish field of death, Aughrim, which is also situated in the county Galway. "From this period," says the Historian, "the Norman Barons more rapidly than before became Irish chiefs. As such they were accepted by Ireland. The power of the English crown, on the other hand, gradually declined till it became unknown beyond the narrow limits of a part of the Pale. It rose again after the accession of Henry VII."

Athunree! Athunree!
Erin's heart is broke on thee!
Ne'er till then in all its woe
Did that heart its hope forego.
Save a little child—but one—
The latest regal race is gone.
Roderick died again on thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
A hundred years and forty-three
Winter winged and black as night
O'er the land had track'd their flight;
In Clonmacnoise from earthy bed
Roderick raised once more his head—
Fedlim flood-like rushed to thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
The light that struggled sank on thee!
Ne'er since Cathal the Red-handed
Such a host till then was banded.
Long-haired Kern and gallowglass
Met the Norman face to face;
The saffron standard floated far
O'er the on-rolling wave of war;
Bards the onset sang o'er thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
The poison tree took root in thee!
What might naked breasts avail
'Gainst sharp spear and steel ribb'd mail?
Of our princes twenty-nine,
Bulwarks fair of Connor's line,
Of our clansmen thousands ten
Slept on thy red ridges. Then—
Then the night came down on thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
Strangely shone that moon on thee!
Like the lamp of them that tread
Staggering o'er the heaps of dead,
Seeking that they fear to see.
Oh, that widows' wailing sore!
On it rang to Oranmore:
Died, they say, among the piles
That make holy Aran's isles—
It was Erin wept on thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
The heart of Erin burst on thee!
Since that hour some unseen hand
On her forehead stamps the brand.
Her children ate that hour the fruit
That slays manhood at the root;
Our warriors are not what they were;
Our maids no more are blithe and fair;
Truth and honor died with thee,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
Never harvest wave o'er thee!
Never sweetly breathing kine
Pant o'er golden meads of thine!
Barren be thou as the tomb;
May the night bird haunt thy gloom,
And the wailer from the sea,
Athunree!

Athunree! Athunree!
All my heart is sore for thee,
It was Erin died on thee,
Athunree!

Did You Ever think that you cannot have good health without pure blood? Health comes by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes the blood pure.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

STRANGER THAN "CRUSOE."

Remarkable and Thrilling Adventures of Thomas Bradley, an Irishman, in the Heart of Darkest Africa.

Horrors of the Slave Trade—Blood Curdling Experience With Alligators and Cannibals—Two Norwegians Butchered and Hung Up Like Hogs.

[*Belfast Irish News, Oct. 19.*]

Perhaps one of the strangest additions yet made to the rapidly-increasing stock of African experiences, of which we have recently heard so much, is that which we today present to our readers from the lips of Thomas Bradley, an Irishman, and a native of Navan. It is a "round unvarnished tale" of strange and weird adventures in the Dark Continent, and we give the story almost in the man's own words. Bradley is a man of 38 years of age, but looks younger. He is rather under the middle height, hardy and wiry looking. He was apprenticed as a painter in his native place, but went to Liverpool, about 1878, where he joined a ship as fireman; and henceforward began his strange, eventful career. In an interview with an *Irish News* representative he says:

I went out first to the West coast, in 1879, to work for Mr. John Holt, of Liverpool, who was trading there. The work I was at was driving the engine in steam launches running up the rivers, where we carried on a trade in ivory, rubber, and different things purchased from the natives. I was out, too, with Stanley, but I left him at Stanley Falls. I went to St. Paul Leonda, and went to work for the Portuguese government at a new railway. I was placed over 200 slaves there. We were sinking water pipes to take water down to Leonda, about fifteen miles. I stayed about eighteen months on that job. Then I heard about Stanley, came down and got a job at Banaca Creek, driving a steam launch up the river. Major Jameson was with him then and a lot more officers, but I left him shortly after, not caring for the work, and went to Banana, where Stanley made his house, and there I took steamer to England. From Liverpool I made a few trips to the west coast of America—Chili it was—and back at the end to Germany. It was in 1891 that I left Liverpool for the west coast of Africa, once more, having shipped upon the Benguela for Banana. From this my adventures began in earnest. I fell in with a foreign captain at Banana, who was in the Belgian employment, and who advised us—me and three mates, an American and two Norwegians—to desert the ship and take service with him at £10 a month, which we did, swimming ashore at night. The captain hid us for three days, and fed us on the best. After the ship went away we joined a small steamer drawing fifteen feet, but we had no idea of the work we were going to until a week after, when we commenced going up and down the coast as far a Zanzibar, buying slaves off the chiefs and kings. For these we gave so much cloth, so much tobacco leaf, so many flint guns, so many kegs of powder, boxes of gin, little barrels of rum, and bales of cloth in exchange. We also gave them in exchange for slaves little bottles of scents, brass rods, and things like that, from which they made bracelets and rings. On the first trip I made to Zanzibar on this steamer we had three hundred slaves, which we took up to Metadi. We embarked them at that place and stayed for a week there. Those slaves were treated frightfully. They got nothing to eat except a cup of rice in the morning and a cup of rice at night—no meat or anything else, and the foreign captain and the other officers used to give them every abuse. They would take out their swords and slap them on the back, driving them like so many sheep. Along the west coast on different rivers we did the same thing, dealing in slaves. We also went across to the Brazils, to Santos and Bahia and brought slaves from there. The steamer afterwards broke down, the shaft got bent going up the Congo to Metadi. She was laid up on the bank and some French engineers were brought up to put the engine to rights, but could not get the work done. The job I had on the ship was second engineer. The two Norwegians and the American, whose name, I think, was Williams, were seamen, and it was they who steered the ship.

In Metadi I was engaged looking after the slaves. We were all at the same job. I may say here that it was most shocking the cruelty those slaves were treated with. They were dying in dozens with nothing but hard work, carrying baskets of stuff upon their heads, and they would not be allowed to walk, but had to keep on a gallop from sunrise to sundown in the afternoon, for you know there is no twilight there. They had no beds to lie upon, they lay out in the open air or in old sheds—any place, in fact. Their feet got filled with jiggers that laid their eggs in the flesh, and when the eggs hatched their feet would swell up and rot, yet they were compelled to work away. Some of them, had abscesses upon their bodies, and I even saw the bowels almost hanging out of some men. I remained three years at that—'91, '92, and '93, but only received £5. Then we asked for our pay and refused to work unless we got it. The only answer we got was given in the filthiest language. We left then and went from Metadi down to Boma where the government was.

The American consul happened to be on leave. We went to the magistrate, a Belgian, and had an English interpreter with us. We told the magistrate our complaint, and that we wanted our pay. The magistrate said he had nothing to do with it. We went down the Congo river to that place in a canoe we got from the natives. We then went into a small hut which we got from one of the natives in Boma, and we got our provisions from an English factory there. While we were there six or seven soldiers came to us one night as we were asleep, lying without any bed, and thousands of rats around us. The leader set fire to the hut, which was only built of banana and thatched with leaves. One of the Norwegians happened to jump up, and saw us in a blaze. My clothes and those of some of the other chaps caught fire. Williams, who understood a little bit of French, said, "Is that our thanks for three years' work? Is that the way we are going to get our pay?" The leader turns round at that, and gives Williams a "belt" of the sword on the side of the head. The man fell. By his orders the black soldiers then tied him up to a tree, and he gave him twenty or thirty cuts on the back with his sword. The man's coat was off, of course, because it had caught fire. He caught hold of me and threw me into the swamp, where there was nothing but stinking dirt. I struggled to get out as best I could. It was because I cursed him in English, and he understood it, he treated me in this way. He did not touch the Norwegians. Williams could hardly speak. He lived for two days, and when he died we buried him there. Holt's agent gave us an old shed to live in for several days, and it was there the American died. We then took the best canoe belonging to the government. It had two paddle wheels, and we worked it with our feet, and got down to Banana Creek. We there let her go with the tide, and started on the beach for Loango, which we were a week walking to. Getting into French territory, we got a bit of grub from the French agents, but we lay out at night, as they would not allow us near the factory.

From Loango we went to Black Point. We had nothing to live upon but what shell fish we could pick up upon the shore. We could get no water. I happened to have a bottle of quinine in my pocket, and I was so thirsty that I got half the contents of the bottle into my mouth and could not feel it. Going into Cahinda, one of the Norwegians took sick with fever and ague, and when we got there we stopped with Bishop Taylor, an American missionary, who treated us with great kindness, feeding us upon the best, and we were housed most comfortably. The Norwegian got better, and we then started for Loudana, making for the Cameroons to get into English territory. Four days after we started we got into some cannibals' territory, where we met twelve cannibals. They seemed to be coming down to fish. They charged upon us. The only arms we had were revolvers each. I had two, the American's and my own. I had six shots in one. My mates had not their's loaded. Two of the cannibals charged at me, and I shot them. The others fell upon my mates. The best I could do was to take to the bush. I hid myself in the grass until night. The roars and yells of them could be heard miles away. I was thinking every minute they would be through the grass looking for me. That night—I think it would be between 11 and 12 o'clock—I ventured out, but I heard no noise, and I began to look if I could see my mates, dead or alive. I happened upon the cannibal village. It was night, and they were all asleep in their huts, for they are great cowards, and are afraid to go out at night. I suddenly came across the bodies of the two men, my shipmates, hanging by the heels to a tree like pieces of beef. Their heads were lying on the ground beneath them. I fled, and walked all night until the break of day. Light comes all of a sudden about 5 o'clock in the morning, and I went and hid myself all day. I had nothing to eat. I remained two or three days starving, the only food I had being snails and some kind of berries that grow like plums. I had almost no clothing.

The different rivers and creeks I came to I had to swim, at the risk of being devoured by alligators. I had several narrow escapes from being eaten by them. My shins and body were covered with wounds. Traveling up along the coast, I saw thousands of dead natives, whose bodies had been thrown into the rivers. When I got to Gaboon I got some clothes from the French government. I then traveled up to Fernando Po, to which I crossed from the mainland in a canoe. Then I went to the Cameroons, and lived some time with King Bel. There are two kings there, Bel and King Akwa, who are continually at war with each other. The government allows them to fight as long as they don't use gunpowder or rifles. Both men and women engage in their battles. I stayed a month with King Bel; then I went to Old Calabar, across the Cameroon mountains. I got to Old Calabar by means of a canoe which I got from one of the natives. Maj. McDonald was not at home; he was up the river having a palaver with the natives, and I took my way down to Ghebe in a canoe. There I stopped with missionaries belonging to Belfast, whose names I forget. Some of them had the contract for sending the mails down the river to Old Calabar by the Sierra Leone natives, who carried them in barrels upon their heads. I stopped there for another month, and used to drive a small saw-engine, which they used for cutting timber. Then they sent me down to Bonny in the mail canoe. It took me two days going down. I was bad with fever during that time. Sometimes the boys in the canoe had to get out and push the dead bodies out of the way of the canoe. The vice-consul advised me to go home to England.

Maj. McDonald came back and called at Bonny. I was taken before him, and explained everything to him. "The only thing you can do," he said, "when you go home is to make a complaint to the King of the Belgians." It was in May last that I was in Bonny. I got a passage then in a steamer from Bonny to Liverpool. When I got to Liverpool I went to the Belgian Consul and explained things to him. He told me to go to Mr. Jones, the man who was superintendent for the Congo. I went to him and explained matters, and he told me he would write for me to Belgium. He did write to the Belgian government, and the answer he got was that the foreign captain was the man who employed me, and that they knew nothing at all about me. Now, this foreign captain shot two Sierra Leone natives, was taken down to Accra, on the west coast, tried by the English government, and died in prison.

In 1879 I knew Mr. Stokes in the Cameroons. He was a sort of missionary, and I saw him in different other parts upon the coast. He was a nice man. In 1893 I saw him in Loango. At the time I was upon the railway slave-driving. I have seen him with his own black traders taking his cargo to different parts of the Congo. Now, as to the selling of Winchester rifles, any cargo that goes to the Congo Free State must pass between three places. First, it must go to Banana by steamer, which is piloted by a government pilot. The cargo for Boma is discharged, put into customs and examined, boxes and cases. At Metadi the same thing is done. The rifles allowed in the country are old flint guns. Winchester rifles could not get to the Congo without being detected by the government, except they had wings. Even on the French side they could not be got unknown to the French authorities. The carriers go in troops with sixty pounds of cargo on the head of each, making a certain stage every day and stopping at night. In the morning their cargo is examined by the French if upon the French side, and by the Belgians if upon theirs. The head man of the gang gets a passport. From station to station the cargo is examined till it goes to its journey's end, and then there is a further examination by the custom house officers, and the owner signs a bill receipt. Mr. Stokes and every agent has a depot on the river at Mahadi, at which the cargo is received by white clerks, everything being weighed and examined. There could be no Winchester rifles passed.

HON. A. J. JONES' GOOD RECORD.

The files of the Chicago papers show that every Civic Federation bill was supported by Representative Jones, who is now a candidate for the Drainage Board, and that the Civil Service bill would probably never have passed without his support. The Torrens Land Title bill, which is submitted for adoption by the voters at this election, would not have become a law but for the assistance of Representative Jones. The Chicago citizens, representing the Real Estate Board and property holders generally, designated Mr. Jones to take charge of the bill on the Democratic side, and Mr. Miller on the Republican side. They did so, and after a five months' fight the secret opposition of the Chicago abstract monopoly was overcome, and the bill passed and signed by the governor. Under its operation there will be no necessity for expensive abstracts, of attorneys' opinions as to title; but the County of Cook will itself stand as the defender of every title once clearly established. Thereafter, the land can be transferred by the simple transfer of the registered certificate without delay and without expense. It is estimated by the Chicago Real Estate Board that $2,000,000 will be saved annually to the people of Chicago by this new law—most of which now falls upon the poorer property owners. The Real Estate Board has adopted resolutions thanking Mr. Jones for his services in behalf of this bill.

The Public Library bill, the Teachers' Pension bill and the Arbitration bill were also strongly supported by Mr. Jones. In fact, his Arbitration bill was the first one to pass the house on this subject, and the bill, which finally became a law, was, in its essential features, the Jones bill. This law makes it possible for the laboring man to avoid a strike by submitting his grievances to an impartial tribunal that will decide without fear or favor; and thus may we hope to obviate a repitition of that hopeless strife between capital and labor

that scarce a year ago cost the State and property interests of Illinois millions of dollars and weeks of anxiety. Every man who believes in union labor, in an eigt hour day, can not fail to support a man who has shown by his work how clearly he is identified with their interests.

Representative Jones has already shown himself to be a strong worker in the interests of the sanitary district. During the recent session of the general assembly, of which he was a member, it became necessary to secure the enactment of legislation which would make it possible for the Trustees to continue their work without waiting several years for funds. The Drainage bill, when introduced, was referred to a subcommittee, of which Mr. Jones was chairman, and it was upon his vote that the bill, by a majority of one, was ordered to be reported back with favorable recommendation.

When the question of revising the revenue laws so as to compel the corporations and the rich to pay their share of the taxes and relieve the great burdens upon the poor, Mr. Jones presented the famous amendment subjecting the capital stock of certain corporations to assessment and taxes—corporations which now totally evade the law.

Alexander J. Jones was born on a farm in Sangamon County, Illinois, July 11, 1860, of Kentucky parents. He is descended from revolutionary stock, one of his paternal ancestors having been an officer in the war for American independence. At the age of 17 Mr. Jones entered the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, on the nomination of Congressman Springer, as cadet midshipman, but resigned after a year's service, and shipped as a seaman aboard a merchantman for Australia. Having sailed around the world as a sailor before the mast, he returned to Illinois in 1880, and in 1881 began teaching school. Later he spent two years in France and other European countries. In 1884, '85 and '86 he was employed successively on the New York *Tribune*, the Chicago *Times* and the Chicago *Inter-ocean*, finally going to Washington as clerk of the Committee on Claims of the House of Representatives. In 1888 he was appointed by President Cleveland as United States Consul at Barranquilla, Colombia, South America, and held this office until the expiration of the Cleveland administration. His reports on the diplomatic, commercial and maritime affairs of South America were regarded by the State Department as exceptionally able ones, and many of them were at the time widely published by all the leading newspapers of the United States.

On his return to America Mr. Jones accepted a position on the Chicago *Times*, and from 1889 to 1893 he was manager of the Illinois Legislative Bureau of the Associated Press. While holding this position he commenced the study of law, and two years ago he abandoned journalism to practice law. In November, 1894, he was elected a member of the Legislature, being chosen from the Third District. In the legislative sessions just closed his ability as a lawyer, and his long experience and familiarity with the rules of legislative bodies, made him an unusually active member.

TO IRELAND.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

When dullness shall chain the wild harp that would praise thee,
When its last sigh of freedom is heard on thy shore.
When its raptures shall bless the false heart that betrays thee—
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When thy sons are less tame than their own ocean waters,
When their last flash of wit and of genius is o'er,
When virtue and beauty forsake thy young daughters,
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When the sun that now holds its bright path o'er thy mountains
Forgets the green fields that he smiled on before,
When no moonlight shall sleep on thy lakes and thy fountains—
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When the name of the Saxon and tyrant shall sever,
When the freedom you lost you no longer deplore,
When the thoughts of your wrongs shall be sleeping forever—
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in sc.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Tháinig an ri agus do commóradh seilg morabhseach leis: ba cheann-dearg coin, ba láimh-dearg laóich, agus ba cheann-trom giollanradh agus gairbh-theaghlach an righ i n-diaigh na seilge trom-thorrthaighe sin. Beannaighid do'n righ agus fiafruigheas an ri sgeula dhiobh agus rug leis isteach go cathraigh na h-Aithne iad. Agus aithgnios Taise Taoibhgheal iad agus nior labhair leo. Agus an trá tháinig am codalta agus suain chuca iarrus Taise Taoibhgheal an t-aos caladhan an-aithnidh sin do léigean léi féin do chum sgeulaigheachta do dhéanamh léi; agus do chuadar i n-aon t-seomra agus do léigeadar a n-aithgne do chum a chéile, agus fiafruigheas Fergus di creud an t-ainneall i n-eulóchadh si do chum Fhinn aris. Adubhairt si-se go rachadh an ri do chum na seilge céadna ar na mhárach agus go n-eulóchadh féin le Goll agus le Oscar d'ionnsaighidh na loinge ó a d-tángadar. Do chuaidh an ri do chum na seilge agus eulaigheas Taise Taoibhgheal le Goll agus le Oscar go rabhadar i d-Tir Tairrngire agus mar do chonnairc Fionn an cáigear sin naidh tang baramhail aithgne dóibh agus adubhairt gur bh'ionmháin leis na daoine le a saimheoladh iad i. Goll agus Oscar, Fergus Finnbheoil, Taise Taoibhgheal agus a cumal coimhdeachta.

An uair rugadar a mhuinteir nile ar Fionn adubhairt Abartach mac Aichaid le Fionn a bhreith do bhreith i n-a mhasladh agus i n-a mhóir-shiúbhal. Adubhairt Fionn go léigfeadh se tuarastal Abhartaigh agus an bhreith i n-aghaidh a chéile. "Ni fhuil maith dham-sa ann sin," ar Abartach, "agus fear aithise agus miolabhartha na Féinne, mar atá Conán mac Mórna gan a bhreith féin do thabhairt dó." "Ranna neimhe i g-córaigheacht ormsa," ar Conán, "nach ba réidh mise muna bh-fuighbhead sin." Ghealljas Abartach sin do Chonán. Agus is i breith rug Conán ar Abartach na ceithre mná deug do b'fhearr i d-Tir Tairrngire do thabhairt leis le cois a mhná féin, agus a bhean féin do chur i n-erball eich an Ghilla Dheacair mar do bhi Liagán Lualmneach, agus na ceithre mná deug elle do chur ar marcaighecht mar do bhi seisean agus an chuid eile d'á mhuintir no go m-béidhdis i g-Clochán Chinn Chait i n-iarthar Chorca Dhuibhne.

"Ag sin do mhuintear, a Fhinn!" ar Abartach. Feuchus Fionn do gach taobh de agus ni fhaca se Abartach shíos no shuas. Rug Fionn Taise Taoibhgheal leis go h-Almhain leathanmóir Laighin agus do rinneadh bainais na déise sin ann.

Gurab i sin toraigheacht agus eachtra an Ghilla Dheacair ó thás go deireadh.

(FINIT.)

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

The attraction at Havlin's next week will be the popular farce "The Prodigal Father," written by Glen McDonough, who, by clever grouping of funny characters, produced a work which, in the hands of so capable a company, proves to be highly diverting from beginning to end. There are several specialties introduced which are immensely clever. One can safely recommend "The Prodigal Father" as the most laughable and most enjoyable performance that will be seen in the city this season.

Week of Nov. 10, "The Derby Winner."

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

H.R.EAGLE

70 WABASH AVENUE.

SPECIAL PRICES

That Will Keep Us Busy This Week.

After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
3-lb cans Delaware Table Peaches	9 cents
3-lb cans California Table Peaches	10 cents
A lot of 1-lb cans Baking Powder, per lb	4 cents
A lot of ½-lb cans Baking Powder, per can	2½ cents
Whole Nutmegs, per lb	19 cents
Stag Handle Carving Knife and Fork, per set	19 cents
Genuine French Peas, per can	9 cents
Fancy whole Carolina Rice, per lb	4½ cents
40-lb boxes California Loose Muscatel Raisins for	99 cents
2,400 Best Parlor Matches for	10 cents
Broken Java Coffee, per lb	14 cents
Layer Figs, per lb	7½ cents
Large can Armour's and Weber's Deviled Ham, per can	5 cents
1-lb cans Col. River Salmon, per can	7 cents
10-lb boxes Flat Noodles and Vermicelli for	39 cents
Baker's Premium Chocolate, per lb	29 cents
Pints Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles	15 cents
Quaker or Premium Rolled Oats, per pkg	7 cents
A 3-gallon Keg New Orleans Molasses	49 cents
Packages of Pie Fruit, worth 10 cents, Sale Price	3 cents
1-gallon cans Fancy Table Syrup	35 cents
7 lbs Pure New York Buckwhet Flour	25 cents
10 lbs Wisconsin Buckwheat Flour	25 cents

Canned Vegetables.

	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Beauty Tomatoes	6 cts	70 cts
3-lb cans Blissfield Tomatoes	7 cts	78 cts
Gallon cans Tomatoes	16 cts	$1.90
2-lb cans Sugar Corn	5 cts	57 cts
2-lb cans Rocky Corn	6 cts	70 cts
2-lb cans Baby Corn	8 cts	95 cts
2-lb cans String Beans	5 cts	60 cts
2-lb cans White Wax Beans	8 cts	90 cts
2-lb cans Extra Stringless Beans	10 cts	$1.10
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	8 cts	90 cts
2-lb cans Early June Peas	9 cts	$1.05
2-lb cans Sifted Early June	12 cts	$1.40
3-lb cans Pumpkin	5 cts	60 cts
3-lb cans Golden Pumpkin	8 cts	95 cts
3-lb cans Pie Plant	12½ cts	$1.50
2-lb cans Standard Succotash	8 cts	95 cts
2-lb cans Lima Beans	6 cts	70 cts
2-lb cans Extra Lima Beans	10 cts	$1.10
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	10 cts	$1.10
3-lb cans Hubbard Squash	10 cts	$1.00
3-lb cans Fancy Asparagus	19 cts	$2.20
3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans	7 cts	84 cts

Canned Fruits.

	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Apples	6 cts	69 cts
Gallon cans Apples	17 cts	$1.90
2-lb cans Blackberries	6 cts	69 cts
2-lb cans Blueberries	7 cts	79 cts
2-lb cans Strawberries	8 cts	89 cts
2-lb cans Preserve Strawberries	12½ cts	$1.49
2-lb cans Raspberries	9 cts	99 cts
2-lb cans Gooseberries	6 cts	69 cts
3-lb cans California White Cherries	19 cts	$2.10
3-lb cans Criterion California Apricots	10 cts	$1.19
3-lb cans Extra California Apricots	15 cts	$1.79
3-lb cans Cal. Grapes	12½ cts	$1.45
3-lb cans Standard California Pears	12½ cts	$1.49
3-lb cans Cal. Egg Plums	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Cal. Green Gages	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Cal. Gold Drops	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Pie Peaches	7 cts	82 cts
Gallon cans Pie Peaches	19 cts	$2.24
3-lb cans Delaware Table White Peaches	8 cts	95 cts
3-lb cans Delaware Yellow Table Peaches	9 cts	$1.05
3-lb cans Vinton Yellow Peaches	10 cts	$1.15
3-lb cans California Yellow Peaches	10 cts	$1.20
3-lb cans Extra California Peaches	15 cts	$1.70
3-lb cans J. H. Flickinger "J.H.F." Yellow Table Peaches	19 cts	$2.25
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	10 cts	$1.20
2-lb cans Fancy Sliced Pineapples	15 cts	$1.75
2-lb cans Grated Pineapples	10 cts	$1.20
2-lb cans Extra Fancy Grated Pineapples	15 cts	$1.75
3-lb cans Extra Quality Sliced Peaches	19 cts	$2.25

For "Peaches and Cream." There is at least 50 per cent more peaches to the can than the ordinary pack.

Butter.

IceLeuse Creamery, per lb	18 cts
Finest Elgin Creamery, per lb	21 cts
Roll Butterine, per lb	11 cts
8 lb pails Butterine	99 cts
8 lb pails Reliable Dairy Butterine	$1.25
8 lb pails Wisconsin Butterine	$1.50
8 lb pails Creamery Butterine	$1.70

TOBACCO.

Sweet Clippings Smoking, per lb	12 cts
Sweet Cob Smoking, granulated, lb	17 cts
Yale Mixture, per box	20 cts
Picadilly Mixture, per box	20 cts
Perique Mixture, per box	20 cts
Lone Jack, per package	29 cts
Climax Plug, all you want, per lb	33 cts

CIGARS.

La Carolita Guaranteed Clear Havana 5c each; box of 50	$2.00
Belle de Santiago Perfectos, the finest grade of domestic, 5c each, box of 50	$2.00
La Libertad, fine seed and Havana, 8 for 25 cents, box of 50	$1.50
Manuel Garcia, a genuine Key West, 8 for 25 cents, box of 50	$1.50
Key West Beauty Perfectos, fine long Havana seed filler, box of 50	$1.00
Queen Isabella, fine long filler domestic, special bargain, box of 50	75c
Seamon's Stogies, per 100	$1.00
Lakeside Girl, box of 50	45c
Key West Havanas, box of 25	25c

DRIED FRUITS.

	PER LB.
Apples, Sun dried Quarters, 1895	4 cts
Apples, Evaporated, dark color	5 cts
Apples, Ordinary White Exaporated	7 cts
Apples, Fancy White Evaporated	9 cts
Apricots, dark color	7 cts
Apricots, Evaporated, bright	9 cts
Apricots, Fancy Moore Park, bright and "nice and fat"	13 cts
Pears, Quarters, California	5 cts
Pears, Fancy Evaporated	9 cts
Blackberries, Evaporated	8 cts
Peaches, common old fashioned	2½ cts
Peaches, California, Dried	5 cts
Peaches, with their overcoats on, but "nice and fat"	9 cts
Peaches, Evaporated and Fancy	10 cts
Peaches, Fancy Peeled and Evaporated	12 cts
Pitted Plums, California Fancy	9 cts
Raspberries, Evaporated Fancy	23 cts
Prunes, California, 1895	4 cts
Prunes, about 70 to pound	7 cts
Prunes, California, Fancy	9 cts
Prunes, Extras, "Large, Fat and Ready to Eat"	12 cts
Prunes, "Silver"	5 cts
Prunes, Fancy "Extra Evaporated Silvers"	12 cts
"Cherry Prunes," something fancy	12 cts
Pitted Cherries and Evaporated	13 cts

CURRANTS will soon be higher—it would pay you to buy now for your Christmas cake.

Currants, common, per lb	4 cts
Currants, cleaned and free from grit	6 cts
Currants, extra fancy Vostizza, cleaned and all large	8 cts
Dates, Saier	4 cts
Orange Peel, Fanciest English	14 cts
Lemon Peel, best English	14 cts
Fanciest Corsican Candied Citron Peel	12 cts

RAISINS were "never so cheap."

It will pay you to buy now for Christmas and Thanksgiving.

California loose Muscatels, 40 lbs in box, for	99 cts
3-Crown California loose Muscatels, 20 lbs in box, for	89 cts
4-Crown loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	5 cts
10-lb cartons Fancy London Layer Table Raisins for	79 cts
Fine London Layer Table Raisins per lb	8 cts
Fancy Bunch Dehesia Imported London Layer Table Raisins, per lb	19 cts
California Seedless Raisins, per lb	4 cts
Fancy Imported "Sultana" Seedless Raisins, per lb	14 cts
Mince Meat "Cow Boy," per pkg	8 cts
"New England" Mince Meat," pkg	9 cts
20-lb Full Weight Pails Pure Fruit Jelly	29 cts

SPECIAL SALE OF **FLOUR.**

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour $3.59

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	45 cents
50-lb Bags, each	90 cents
98-lb Bags, each	$1.79
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl	$2.75
BEST QUALITY GRAHAM FLOUR, 196 lbs in barrel, for	$2.90
N. W. Consolidated Mill Co.'s Ceresota, Minneapolis Patent, 196 lbs in brl, for	$3.44
Washburn, Crosby & Co.'s Minnesota Superlative Patent Flour, 196 lbs in brl	$3.69

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
68 & 70 Wabash Avenue.

LIVELY COURT SCENE.

AN OLD LAWYER'S REMINISCENCES OF ANTIRENT DAYS.

Murder Trials In Which the Public Always Sympathized With the Defendants. The Legal and Physical Battles Between John Van Buren and Sam Gordon.

"When I was studying law down in New York state 40 years or more ago," said the judge, between the puffs of his after dinner smoke, "the 'antirenters' were stirring up a great excitement. You've read about it. Almost all Delaware county and other lands in the most fertile part of the state were held by farmers on 99 year leases. These leases were made back in colonial days, in order to get the land settled, the settlers paying a barleycorn or perhaps a few cents a year to the owners as rental. Well, these settlers and their descendants went on and cultivated the lands, built houses and handed them down to their children, and by the time the leases began to expire they had no idea but that their farms and homes belonged to them, and so, when alleged owners came from the city with proofs a century old, they refused to pay the new high rentals, and when the sheriffs tried to evict them, they resisted with guns and killed a few officers.

"Well, sir, the state tried to convict them of murder, and popular feeling ran high against the state, and so there was a great fight up and down through the courts of central New York. In those days Sam Gordon was one of the most brilliant lawyers at the New York bar. A tall, powerful, handsome fellow, with a clear head and a sharp tongue, he never went into a fight to lose. He sympathized so strongly with the antirenters that he gave up all his other practice and resigned his seat in Congress to come home and defend them, and he did it so well that not one of them was convicted.

"By and by the state got tired of being beaten, and took a change of venue in one of the most important murder cases, on the ground that public opinion in that part of the state made it impossible to get a just verdict. There were great preparations for this trial, which was to take place in Troy. The state was determined to convict its prisoner, and never were greater lawyers engaged in any criminal trial in this country. The prosecuting attorney of the state was no less distinguished a man than Amasa J. Parker, and the chief of the counsel whom he employed to assist him was John Van Buren, then in the zenith of his great power. And Sam Gordon wound himself up to the keenest fighting pitch to resist such a great array.

"At about this time my chief sent me down to New York city on business, and told me that it would be a good thing for an aspiring young lawyer to return by way of Troy and see that trial. You may imagine I was glad of the chance. I found the whole town excited and the courtroom crowded, some of the best lawyers from all over the state watching the fight. Almost from the start it settled down to a legal duel between the two great advocates. Van Buren was a son of President Martin Van Buren and a much abler man than his father ever was. He was over six feet in height, and powerfully built, a light haired, blue eyed, handsome blond. Every morning he came to the courtroom dressed in a fresh suit of immaculate white duck, which was then the summer fashion. Gordon was fully as large and handsome, but dark and swarthy—as black as John A. Logan—and he was always faultlessly dressed in black broadcloth.

"Well, the trial went on for several days, with sharp skirmishes now and then between these two. Finally, one hot afternoon, when we were all sweltering and fans were going like mad, there was a sudden explosion between them, and before any one could tell which was the aggressor, we saw fists flying at each other across the table, and black and white were hopelessly jumbled.

"Of course it was all over in a few seconds. The bailiffs rapped for order, the courtroom grew as still as death and the judge fined the delinquents $100 each and ordered them to jail for 24 hours. In the midst of the breathless hush that followed, Sam Gordon deliberately rose to his full height and faced the judge. Slowly and sonorously, as though speaking under the sentence of death, he said, 'The sentence of your honor is entirely just; in accepting it I have but one request to make.'

"'State your request,' said the presiding judge. Not a paper rustled, every head was bent forward, every ear strained to catch the low, clear, solemn, trumpet tones of Gordon's answer:

"'That we may both occupy the same cell.'

"That courtroom went wild. You never heard such a roar. The bailiffs rapped for order, but there was no order. The judge himself gave in and laughed, and he finally remitted the imprisonment and adjourned court.

"Yes, Gordon cleared his client, as usual, in spite of the state's lawyers, and the whole antirent question was afterward settled by a compromise, which conceded the ownership of the land to the farmers."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Ochiltree Couldn't Tell.

Tom Ochiltree is fond of telling stories about his ocean trips, but one of his best is of comparatively recent origin. He says: "I was coming across, and a very good sort of Britisher used to sit with me in the smoking room. I tried all my best jokes on him, and he never cracked a smile. At last I got angry and said, 'I don't think an Englishman could see a joke if you fired it at him out of a gun.' And then that blessed Englishman stood up on his hind legs and said, 'How can you fire a juke out of a gun?'"—New York Tribune.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

Crusaders In Stone.

In Banbury church, Essex, there are three effigies, all clad in chain armor. Two of them lie under arches in the north wall, and the other is placed against the east end of the north aisle. They are all cross legged, and their feet all rest on lions, but each man and each lion is in a different position. The hands of one knight are folded and his sword is sheathed, and the lion at his feet is looking toward his face. One of the others is in the act of drawing his sword, and the lion at his feet is turning his head away from him, and the third is sheathing his sword, while the lion looks straight before him. They are all now nameless and unknown. There is a handsome effigy of a crusader in Haccombe church. His legs are crossed at the knees. He is clad from head to foot in beautifully ornamented armor, which has a foliated pattern wrought upon it, over which is disposed a long tunic open at the knees. With both hands, which are gauntleted, he grasps his sword. His head lies on a small cushion placed cornerways on a larger one, and his feet rest on a lion. Only the tip of his nose has been damaged in the centuries that have passed since this memorial was placed in its present position.

In Holbeach church, Lincolnshire, on a richly sculptured but now crumbling tomb, lies an effigy with the legs not crossed at all, but straight and outstretched against a crouching lion. His sword is now broken and his shield frayed at the edges, but as the light shines upon the prostrate form one cannot but be impressed by it. In Beer Ferris, in flowery Devonshire, under an arched recess in the ancient church, reposes the figure of a knight clad in chain armor, the legs of which have been broken off at the knees, where they were crossed, and carried away. Notwithstanding this mutilation, there is an effect of endurance and persistence, as well as pathos, about this form that is very attractive.—Cornhill Magazine.

Smelling and Hearing.

There is a test instrument for different smells. It shows the relative power and influence on different persons. Here is a quotation from a work entitled "The New Psychology:"

"It is said that emeralds, rubies and pearls, if rubbed together for a long time, give out an odor like that of violets. Again, ringworm of the scalp, the body of a patient sick with typhus and a mouse leave similar odors."

The author tells of a certain washerwoman who can tell the person to whom any particular garment or piece belongs, even after it has been washed, merely by the smell. Scientific tests of the sense of taste also give curious results. There is a test of the sense of cold or heat showing queer results in trying the whole body—for the sensitiveness differs greatly from the palms of the hands to the shoulders. The "puckery" taste of sour things is proved to occur sometimes in the mind before the substance has actually been tasted. Color blindness is illustrated in colors.

A whistle has been invented that sounds a note too high for the human ear, as a rule, to hear it. The inventor "has gone through the whole of the zoological gardens, using a cane with a whistle at one end and a bulb at the other. He held it near to the ears of animals, and when they were quite accustomed to the cane he would blow the whistle. Then if they pricked their ears it showed that they heard the whistle; if they did not, it was probably inaudible to them. Of all creatures he found none superior to cats in hearing shrill sounds. Cats of course have to deal with mice and find them out by their squealing. A cat that is at a very considerable distance can be made to turn its ear around by sounding a note that is inaudible to almost any human ear. Small dogs also hear very shrill notes, but larger ones do not."—Hartford Times.

Shakespeare Letters.

Is it possible that letters and papers in the handwriting of Shakespeare still survive? So much carelessness, ignorance and stupidity have been shown in dealing with old papers that it is not unreasonable to conjecture the existence of such treasures. The late Colonel John G. C. Gardiner of Nottinghamshire, a descendant of Shakespeare's grandson-in-law, Sir John Barnard, once told an acquaintance that his father had informed him that in the muniment chest at Thurgarton (his family estate) there were family papers of the Barnards, among which were some of Shakespeare's letters. He had several times endeavored to find these letters, but "owing to the very confused manner in which papers of all kinds were mixed together" he had not succeeded.

The acquaintance offered to help in the investigation, but before this new search could be made Colonel Gardiner died, and his ancient family seat, The Shakespearean says, passed into the hands of a stranger under circumstances which suggest that the old papers might have been given up to those who took possession of the ancient priory. Lysons, a writer on local histories, was the brother-in-law of Colonel Gardiner, who was himself a grandson of Gilbert Cooper, the poet, who knew Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant. Payne Collier called the attention of the Shakespeare society to these facts, but none of its members was, it seems, sufficiently interested to take the matter up and give it prompt investigation.—New York Tribune.

A Curious Playbill Phrase.

The Teatro Nuovo, at Naples, added, our correspondent says, a curious sentence to the bills of performance a few nights ago. The piece to be performed was "Il Catenaccia" ("The Chain"), by Blum and Toche, which had not before been performed at Naples. The sentence was as follows, "The manager considers it his duty to advise the public that this comedy, because of its rather licentious character, is not an entertainment fit for young ladies."—London News.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

The Little Financial Deal Which a Pawnbroker Negotiated.

"Once upon a time," said a western detective, "I had a friend named Jo Swartz. Jo was as crooked as a dog's hind leg. His specialty was painting diamonds. Jo could take an ordinary salt crystal, and by the time he was through with it you would think it was the Kohinoor. But it was not about Jo's diamond painting I was thinking. It was another little trick he turned.

"Jo lived in Kansas City and does yet, if his residence has not been changed to the penitentiary. Down in the bottoms, below the bluff, in this city by the Kaw, there abode a Polander by the name of Witkowski. As a way to live he kept a pawnshop, and he knew Jo Swartz.

"One day Witkowski came to Jo and explained how ignorant he was on the subject of watches, and he also told Jo he had frequent opportunities to loan money on watches, and if Jo were willing he would like to form an arrangement of a friendly sort, whereby he could bring these proffered watches to him and learn their value before he loaned money on them. Jo thought deeply. Jo, too, kept a great, big pawnshop and secondhand jewelry store on Main street in Kansas City. After knitting his brows he advised Witkowski not to loan money on watches, but in every possible instance buy the timepiece outright. Jo advised—as Witkowski had himself suggested—that as a primary step he bring all watches to him. He would tell Witkowski their exact value and just what he could afford to pay for them. Witkowski returned.

"Jo had about two bushels of cheap silver watches which he had bought from some Connecticut company outright to make a part of his stock. These watches had not been a good sale. They were a very cheap silver plated sort. The next day Jo, through an agent not known to Witkowski, sent five of these watches to be sold. Witkowski deferred purchasing until the next day, meanwhile insisting on being allowed to bring the watches up town to be valued. The man said he had several hundred of them. Jo looked at them and told Witkowski he could easily afford to pay $15 apiece for the watches; that he, Swartz, would take them off his hands at $17.50 and buy all he could of them. Witkowski was delighted. He went back and invested all the money he had and bought some 90 odd watches at $15 each. He was to make $2.50 profit on them by selling them to Swartz for $17.50. This would be a nice thing for Witkowski. He slept well that night.

"The next day he went up to see Swartz and told him he had purchased about two pecks of those watches and paid the man $15 each for them. He now stood ready to transfer them to Swartz at an advance of $2.50 per watch. Swarts said he would be glad to get them, and that it was all right.

"'But,' said he, sinking his voice to a whisper full of gloomy forebodings, 'since you were here some detectives have been in here looking over my stock. They report a big robbery of watches in the east. They say that over 1,000 silver watches were stolen from a factory in Connecticut. They have left the numbers of the watches and description. I hope none of these watches you have bought is a part of this robbery, but we can very soon tell, as I took a list of the numbers from the detective.'

"Witkowski felt a little chilly after this and chillier still when, after investigation, it was discovered that Jo had the number of every watch in his possession. It was indubitable proof to Witkowski that he had been buying stolen goods. Jo told him that he must wash his hands of the transaction and could not possibly buy the watches at any price; that he was afraid he would get into the penitentiary if he touched them. Witkowski wrung his hands and tore his hair. He was ruined. At last Jo, pretending great sympathy for Witkowski, and because, as he confessed, he had ways of working them off that Witkowski didn't possess and could therefore handle them with more safety, concluded to risk $5 a watch.

"It thus transpired that Jo gave Witkowski about $500 and recovered back his own watches, which the day before he had sawed off on Witkowski for $1,500. When the matter ended, the sage Joseph had his watches again and about $1,000 of the money of the trusting Witkowski."—Washington Star.

M. Rochefort and La Lanterne.

"I had to do something," said M. Rochefort. "I was not going to submit tamely to unjust punishment at the hands of a crowned cretin. I told every one that I was going to start a paper. The title came to me at once, a happy inspiration, La Lanterne, and everybody began talking about it before I had written a line. It was promised for a certain day. I had decided upon the size of it and the type, everything, in fact, and there at last it lay before me finished. Of course a bitter article on 'Napoleon le Petit' formed the piece de resistance. The whole thing seemed to me well done and yet to be lacking in something.

"Though the printers harassed me, telling me they would be late if they did not go to press, I could not let the thing out of my hands. It wanted something—powder in the tail of the rocket to drive it upward to success. Could not I get some word, some phrase, that would supply the motive power? I cudgeled my brains in vain for hours; nothing would come. At length in despair, I exclaimed, What a poor thing is man! Hundreds and thousands of subjects of complaint against a miserable despot—I had found my mot. Quickly I wrote the three lines, 'At the present moment Napoleon counts 35,000,000 of subjects, not including the subjects of discontent.' It was those three lines above the leader in large type which sold over 300,000 copies of La Lanterne. At one stroke I got an immense audience and high pay for the work I wanted to do."—Figaro.

Eugenie and the Prince.

The little prince was spoiled to excess by his father. His mother naturally wished to counterbalance the latter's overindulgence, but she was not always judicious in her energetic interference. One instance may be quoted among many: The very first time that the little prince, a mere baby between 3 and 4 years old, was seated on a pony, the equerry, M. Bachon, was carefully holding him and leading the pony step by step, when suddenly the empress came up, indignantly declaring that she would not have such absurd petting and concluding by giving a cut of her whip to the pony, which started off. Bachon, terrified, uttered an energetic expletive, succeeded in stopping the pony, and brought back the child unhurt, but he was too angry to remember official decorum and expressed his feelings with an amount of vigor very unusual in courts, while the English nurse indulged in more respectful lamentations: "Oh, your majesty! You shouldn't, your majesty! You've only one, you know."

It is evident that the empress in no way intended to risk the life of her child, but she was herself fearless to excess and often thoughtless in the presence of danger. She was determined that her son should not be a milksop, and she did not stop to examine the "fitness of things."

The emperor, on the other hand, shrank from giving him pain to an almost absurd degree. The child was once playing with a small mandarin orange, which he tried to get into his mouth. The emperor, alarmed, cried: "Take it from him! He will choke himself!" The Duc de Tascher took the orange forcibly from the child, not without resistance on his part, and laughingly rallied the emperor on his not having done so himself: "I could not," the emperor exclaimed. "He would not love me!"—Century.

The Peddler and the Liber Vagatorum.

The earliest known work on vagrancy is the "Liber Vagatorum," compiled shortly after 1509 by an unknown author, but founded, perhaps, on those reports taken down by Johann Knebel, chaplain of Basle, of the trials at that place of a great number of vagabonds and mendicants in 1475. The book was one which Luther turned for a moment from the heat of controversy to edit, with an economy of editorial comment of which the secret has since been lost, and it is remarkable that among the various classes of vagrants which it enumerates there is nothing that can be interpreted of the itinerant salesman, except the very last paragraph, which runs thus: "Item, there is yet another sort among the land stollers. These are the tinkers who travel about the country. They have women who go before them and sing and play. Some go about full of mischief, and if thou givest them nothing one of them mayhap will break a hole in thy kettle with a stick or a knife to give work to a multitude of others."

Similarly of the 38 chapters of "Le Vagabond," the translation made with slight additions in 1644 by Des Fontaines from "Il Vagabondo," of Giacinto Nobili, only two are concerned with dealers in any sort of goods—the fifteenth, which is devoted to those who sell saffron to the ignorant at an exorbitant price, and the eighteenth, which describes des changeurs, who barter false jewelry and gold for good clothes, exhibiting false ones at the moment of exchange. Of the ordinary mercelot, cormercerot, to use the more modern form, the book says no word. Yet perhaps these distinctly marked species are sufficiently representative of the genus. He must still have flourished wherever there was an absence of fixed local trade. —Macmillan's Magazine.

A Quail and Her Chicks.

I was out hunting one day in early summer, writes a correspondent, when suddenly a quail flew out from under my feet and fluttered along ahead of me, seemingly with a broken wing. I was not to be led into any such belief, however, and began looking for the nest, which was soon found, filled to the brim with 13 eggs. Another step, and it would have been wrecked.

As I stooped to examine it I thought I heard a slight noise, and upon placing my ear close to the nest was certain that I could detect a faint chirp. I thought if I watched I might see something interesting. I had not long to wait. Suddenly a small bill was thrust through one of the eggs. Then the shell cracked, and with a vigorous kick and a double somersault out rolled what seemed to be a small bunch of animated feathers, about an inch in diameter.

It looked around for a short time, as if getting its eyes open. Then all at once it awoke to the fact that it had expected to find there something that was absent. This precocious youngster thereupon set up a very spirited chirping. By this time three or four of its brothers and sisters had emerged from their shells, and they all began chirping like the first one.

The mother bird had been coming down the trail, getting closer all the time, but when she heard the cries of her little ones, which she had left secure in their shells, she walked boldly up and took possession of the nest within reach of my arm. I moved my hand toward her, but she would not rise, only spreading her wings and lowering her head. Such bravery deserved respect, and I left her undisturbed.—Youth's Companion.

Kindness.

Do not be afraid of spoiling any one with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling it beautifies the character, cheers the heart and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very tired. Let not a little coldness frighten you away, for under a frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which is to be touched by kindness, and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are to the heart as sunshine is to the struggling plant.—Exchange.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS

State President, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.
State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st; T. A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuoby, Rec Sec, 1425 Jackson st; Wm Territt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullen, Pres, 3054 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2908 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 543 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Conner Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Measahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 3030 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T. Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoriasts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Ladin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—F O Brien, Pres, 19 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2901 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M Sullivan, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., 10810 Salmon av; F C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Hartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 29 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 N Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet firs Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 121 Miller-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dempsey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 357 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T Hartigan, N McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 389 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, ass st and hicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Foin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4060 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrachi, 1037 S Leavitt st; F J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lippert, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cramer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Keuny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scanlitt; T, L B Senagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3069 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d W[illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deuss, 852 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassst and Chicago av

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.

$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.

OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.

GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin huntingcase watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.

OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.

OFFER No. 24.

No.

READ

A Yankee in Gray

A Capital War Story

By C. B. Lewis "M. QUAD"

Written especially for this paper and

COPYRIGHTED . . AND . . . ILLUSTRATED

Many Narrow Escapes

And Thrilling Incidents

CHARACTERIZE

A YANKEE IN GRAY

And make it one of the most stirring stories ever written by

M. QUAD

That master of the story teller's art. It is Copyrighted and Illustrated and will be printed in serial form

IN THIS PAPER

NEXT WEEK

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines Specialty.

GORE'S FIREPROOF HOTEL.

This splendid hotel, newly furnished, and equipped throughout in first-class style, is conducted on the European plan, and is worthy the attention of all visitors to the city, being centrally located on South Clark-st., near VanBuren, which is the heart of the business district. The rooms are commodious, well appointed, and can be obtained at a reasonable charge. The Restaurant is first-class in every respect, and is one of the most extensively patronized in the city.

P. H. HEFFRON, MANAGER. FRANK SAYER OSBORNE, PROPRIETOR.

Get a Bicycle and Save Car Fare. The

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

Will give a $40.00 Bicycle or $40.00 in cash to every man, woman and child who will sell 100 tons of Coal at the following prices to be delivered within 60 days from date:

Large Egg	$5.25	Small Egg	$5.50
Range	$5.50	Chestnut	$5.50
Brazil Block	$3.50	Briar Block Nut	$3.00
Clear Lump	$2.50	Clear Nut	$2.25

All wishing to take advantage of this offer call at the office and get contracts.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.,

Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE MAIN 3262.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,

66 STATE STREET.

Dealers in Diamonds, Watches,

and STERLING SILVERWARE.

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Established 1860. Phone 3885.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.

DENTIST.

122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.

FIFTH FLOOR.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

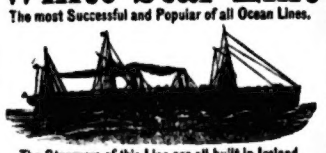
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC. 582 Feet 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 15 hours, 6 min.

TEUTONIC. 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.

BRITANNIC. 7 days 6 hours 52 min.

GERMANIC 6 days, 22 hours

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.

N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

244 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

UNDER GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

TEAS AND COFFEES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS,

20 & 22 STATE ST.

Families supplied with Choice Groceries at Wholesale Prices. Goods Delivered to all parts of the city.

TELEPHONE 2658.

MONON CHICAGO & CINCINNATI LINE C H&D

BEST LINE

—TO—

Indianapolis, Cincinnati,

AND THE South.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,

232 Clark St., - Chicago.

THE MONON.. BEST ROUTE BETWEEN Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville AND THE SOUTH.

Only line to FRENCH LICK and WEST BADEN SPRINGS... 'The Carlsbad of America.

Hotels open the year round.

City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.

W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

CIGARS.

Sole Agents for

CRENNAN'S LA CARINA CIGARS.

122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

BARGAINS IN

DIAMONDS

AT

KASPER & BARNES,

McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.

OPEN EVENINGS.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602, Adams Express Building, Chicago.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

McAVOY

BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO. (INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

74 VAN BUREN ST., Chicago, Ills.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M. Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove engths, $6. per cord delivered Office and Yard 308 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

RICHARD DEUTSCH, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

---

5 DAYS

7 Hours, 23 Minutes.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD, BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD MAIL LINE.

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

"LUCANIA" "CAMPANIA"

620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.

Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"

520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power,

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.

ALL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.

SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS

by this line, which has been running Over 54 Years and has Never Lost a Passenger.

Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.

FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.

F. G. WHITING, Mgr. N. W. Cor. Clark and Randolph St., Chicago.

GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. Madison St., Chicago.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 533.

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY SATURDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago.